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754

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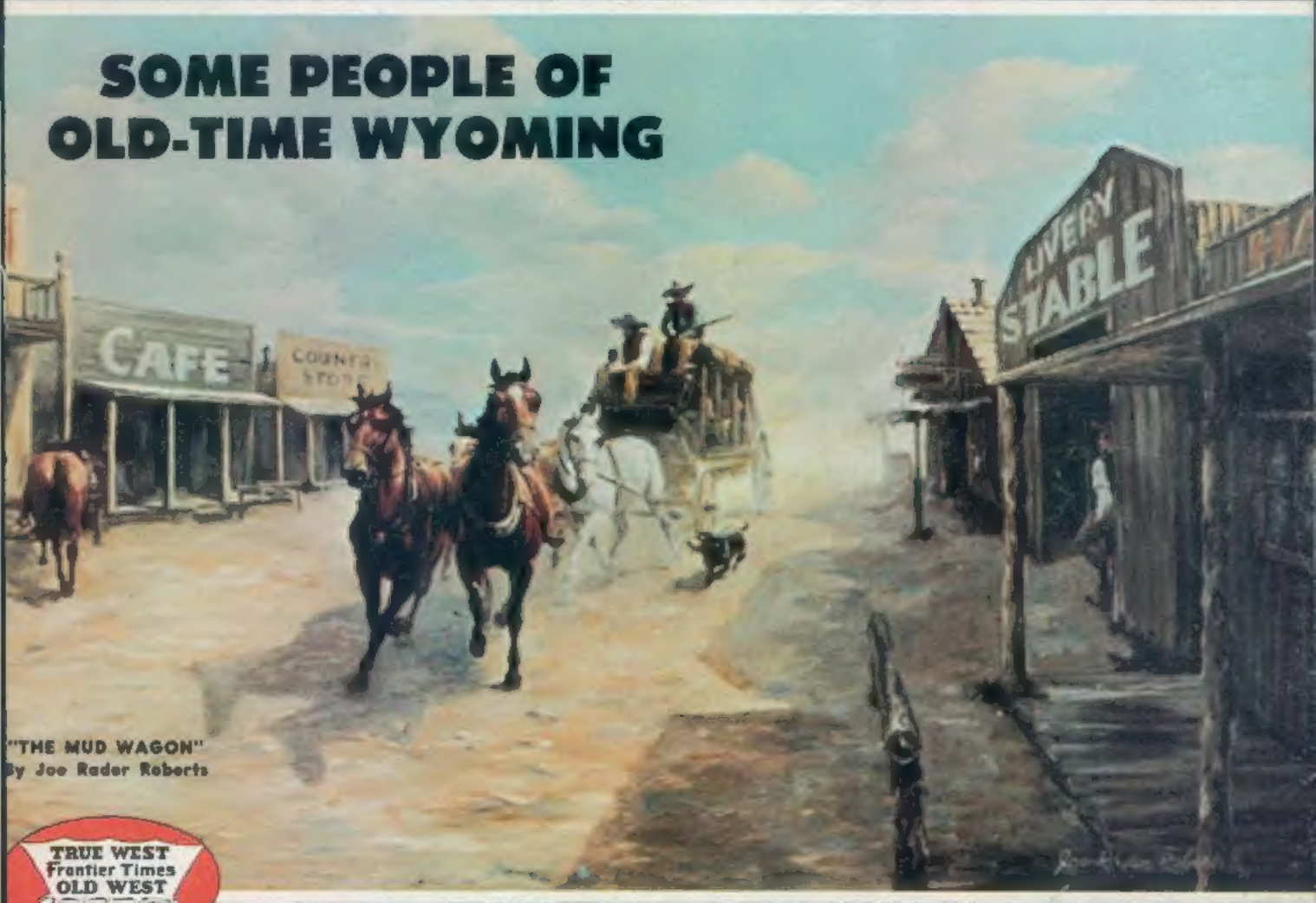
SOME PEOPLE OF OLD-TIME WYOMING



"THE MUD WAGON"
by Joe Rader Roberts

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST

THE ACTRESS AND THE CONVICTS

NINE POWDER MARKS ON A DUCKIN' VEST

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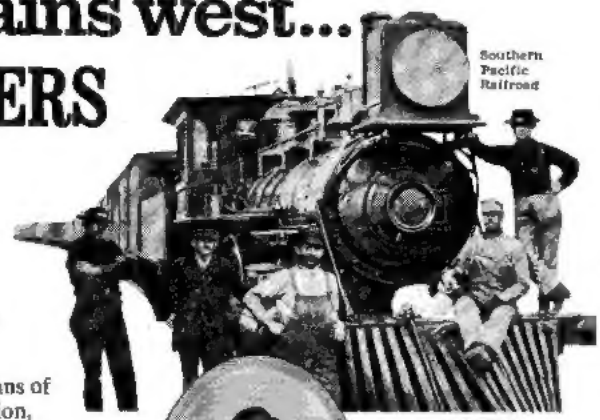

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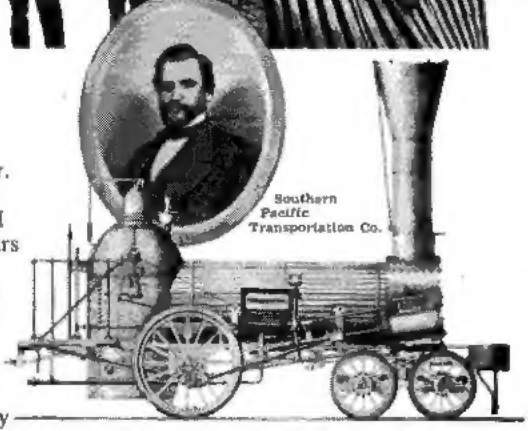

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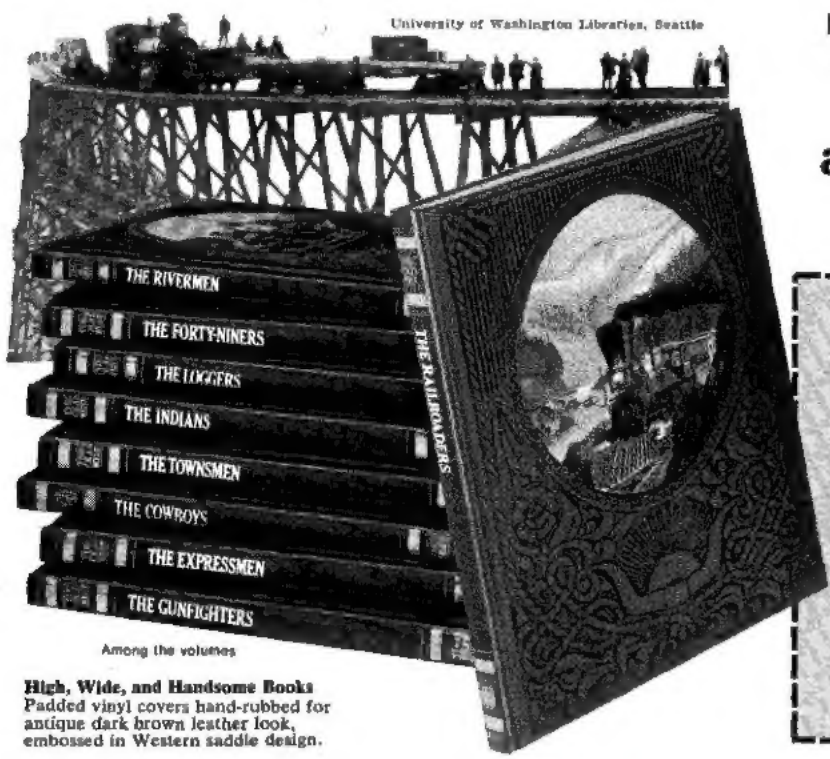

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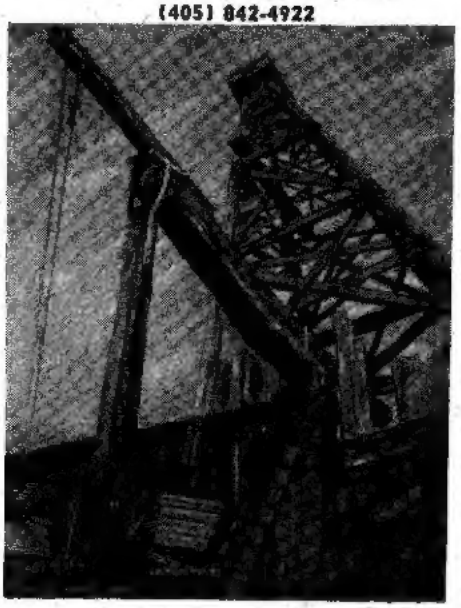

A Joe Small Publication

September-October, 1977
Vol. 25, No. 1
Whole No. 143

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of The Real West!

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historica value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country." ——— The lat Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Joe Rader Roberts
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TRUE WEST is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3338, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78764. 75¢ per copy, $7.95 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico. $9.95 for 12 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas, and at additional entry Dallas, Texas. *Publication Number 995340.* Copyright 1977 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

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A BLOWED-UP SCISSORBILL

UNCLE JOHN was one of the finest men I ever knew. But for all his goodness, he was a purveyor of doom. Of course, without this quality he would have been totally out of character with everybody else of Midway Community. In Burleson County, Texas if we had a long dry spell it was going to be the worst drought that had ever hit that country since chickens started laying eggs. If we had a wet spell, Uncle John would nearly devastate our little old rickety porch by stomping the mud off his boots before coming in, shaking his head sadly and saying with heavy gloom in his voice, "I would give five dollars to see a hole in the clouds as big as a quarter!"

I remember one time we *did* have quite a drought. Corn, cotton and cane had come up and started a fairly healthy growth but without moisture in the soil, the crops were at a standstill—ready to go one way or the other. Uncle John made quite a speech about this drought, ending up with the prediction: "Looks like we are blowed-up scissorbills!"

Now, insofar as I know, nobody knew what a blowed-up scissorbill was. Nobody ever asked. It was just used in a way that you knew this particular gent had very little chance if any for survival. Well, about three days later "it rained the sky dry" and when Mama saw Uncle John plodding up the muddy road to our house, she remarked with a joyful smile, "This rain came at exactly the right time —I can't wait to hear what John has to say about it."

After the customary stomping and scraping, Uncle John came in and Mama asked excitedly, "What do you think about this rain—one of the best we ever had!" Uncle John looked at her as if she had suggested that we go over to the Chriesman Cemetery and uncover the dead. "Laura," he said, "you know that lower ten acres back of the peach orchard? Swept clean. The flood didn't leave a stalk standing. I never saw such destruction in my life!"

I AM STRAYING a bit from my theme, which is to touch lightly on the way those old-timers talked, especially a few expressions used to describe a situation in words that left no doubt in your mind about the situation as she lay! One I particularly like is about the mighty Missouri River or the "Muddy Mo" as it was better known. It still has a well-deserved reputation for being something less than gin clear. Some old-timers claimed it's the only water in the world that you have to chew before you can drink. Since the days of Lewis and Clark it's been regarded as "too thick to navigate and too thin to cultivate."

But the clincher came when an old river man claimed he had seen the Missouri River so muddy that "you could stand on the bank and watch 'coon tracks float by!"

Our master story-teller of the community was a man called Shep. He was telling about a storm he was in one time. "The wind blowed so hard," he said, "that I saw a hen lay the same egg three times!"

A statement like this generally cleared the atmosphere to the point that all listeners flat "pulled the bridles off and let 'em run wild!"

One day back in 1955, I was talking to an old rancher over the telephone. Upon closing, he remarked, "Next time you are in this part of the country, come by. We'll have a snort or two and I'll fry you a steak so big it would sweat a mouse to run around it!"

When a badly scratched rancher showed up at the Bloated Goat Saloon, a friend remarked, "Gawd a-mighty, Tom, looks like you was sackin' bobcats and run outta sacks!"

FRED GIPSON never missed an unusual saying or expression of any type. They were filed away in his mind as securely as if they had been carved in granite and locked in a vault! We were in a spirited session one time when Fred remarked, "Joe brought up a doctor friend one time so drunk that he couldn't hit the ground with his hat in three throws. The good doctor had bought a gallon of Fredericksburg wine on his way to see Joe, poured about a third of it out and filled it up with pure alcohol. You could feel that stuff burn all the way down to your toes! Anyhow, he got to talking to Joe about how much he had enjoyed *Hound Dog Man* and wanted to meet that writing feller, Gipson, and ask him about Blackie, who he didn't believe ever existed. To cut it short, Joe brought him up to see me and they were both fairly well along when they got there. Joe suggested that I hit the spiked wine pretty hard pretty fast or their conversation might not be appreciated to the full extent of its brilliancy. To protect myself I did just that and pretty soon both of them started sounding a whole lot smarter."

Maybe I'd better take the story on from there. Doc got on the subject of Blackie, the central character in *Hound Dog Man*, and wouldn't get off. He swore there was no Blackie—there *couldn't* be. Fred told him that Blackie lived less than a mile away but there was nothing wider than a trail to the little old log cabin and we'd have to walk if he got to see Blackie at all. It was then nearly twelve o'clock dark and I could tell that Fred

Wal, I jist can't enjoy any of this prosperity for dreadin' the day when the bottom falls out again!

From More Cowpokes by Ace Reid

was considerably hesitant in making the pilgrimage at that particular hour! Doc persisted almost tearfully and Fred finally gave in. He lit up an old smoky lantern and we struck out through the woods.

It was exactly like Fred had described in the book. There was the little old ramshackle log cabin so buried in the woods that you'd have to know where it was to ever have found it. Fred knocked on the door and had some difficulty in getting an answer. He was careful to say each time, "Open up, Blackie. This is Fred Gipson!" He had explained that Blackie generally went to bed about six o'clock and was up at four-thirty to five in the mornings. When the door squeaked open, I never saw a man less excited to see company. If Fred hadn't been along I think we would have been invited to leave immediately and there would have been some authority like a double-barrel shotgun behind that invitation.

Doc grabbed Blackie's hand and nearly shook it off, all the time shouting about never believing there was a Blackie and how happy he was to see him. Fred looked at the bottle and nodded toward Blackie with a desperate look in his eyes —Blackie didn't cotton to Doc at all. However, he was very receptive to a drink. He held that bottle up and took at least half a tall water-glass full of spiked wine before handing it back. The raucous talk continued. Blackie started frowning and backing away. Fred shook his head and I offered Blackie the bottle. Again, another half a tall water-glass went down.

After the third snort, Blackie started to wake up. Doc was talking a loud blue

(Continued on page 30)

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3101 "...the small wonders of the season, etc." Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

1449 "GREETINGS...from our house to yours" With every good wish for Christmas and the New Year

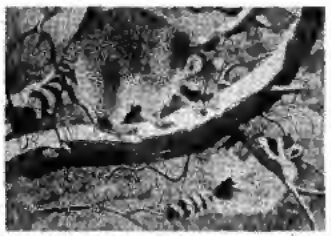
1436 "...The forest is quiet and the brook is still... May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you.

1481 "...and once again it's time to greet the friends it's nice to know." Merry Christmas!

3051 "...silver day is drifting into magic-Christmas night." May the magic of Christmas be yours

1478 ...What could be better in this chilly weather than to wish Merry Christmas to all that we know!

1319 "...I'll wish for the snowman's nose." Season of Joy to you, dear friends, etc.



3085 "To have joy one must share it, etc." Wishing you a Christmas Season filled with...Happiness

1146 ...wishing you a rootin' tootin' Christmas and lots of happy times in the New Year to come.

1329 "To have joy one must share it, etc." Wishing you a Christmas Season filled with...Happiness

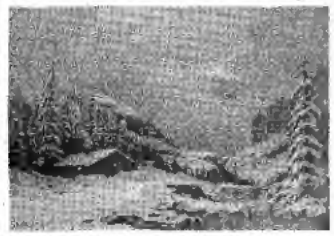
1435 "A Cowboy's Christmas Prayer" Poem insi May the...Joy of Christmas be with you...all Year

1137 Britches patched...Ol' cow gone dry. Both horses lame, But Merry Christmas just the same!

1216 "...may the Great Spirit bless all, etc." With Best Wishes for Christmas and all the New Year

1479 "Take Time to See" Nature poem inside Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

1334 "To those we love and...all good friends, etc Merry Christmas from the two of us!



1151 "...the fair, And open face of heaven,..." May every happiness be yours at Christmas, etc.

1332 ...here's the proof our hearts can holler 'Merry Christmas'--for less than a dollar!

1466 ...Never too deep the snow, To wish you the Merriest Christmas our good Lord can bestow!

1275 "We are thinking of you..." ...good will to y is what we mean in...The Spirit of Christmas

3064 "...the small wonders of the season, etc." Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

1749 "God, the Artist" Famous poem inside Wishing you a Blessed Christmas and Happiness...

1334 "May the trail rise up to meet you, etc." Merry Christmas and...a Happy New Year

3097 Nature's Cathedral May there come to you this holiday...Health, Happiness and...Friendship

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1337 "There is a destiny that makes us brothers, etc." Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

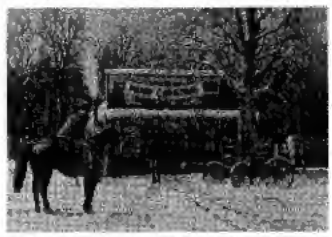
3040 "...face to face with creatures sublime, etc." Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

1367 ...May your blessings be more Than you've ever hoped for, And your Christmas a warmth, etc.

3338 May Christmas bring Friends to your Fireside...And Good Health throughout the New Year

1444 "...Christ's humble birth, etc." Wishing you a Blessed Christmas and Happiness through...the Year

1442 ...God bless and keep you, and...May you have a Merry Christmas in the good old-fashioned way!



1440 ...with...that brand of Western cheer. We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Hoopdeedoo New Year

1230 Surprise on the Trail To wish you a Merry Christmas and a New Year chuck full of Happiness

1447 "I come to my solitary woodland walk..." With Best Wishes for Christmas and all the New Year

1345 "Greetings..." With Best Wishes at Christmas and Happiness through all the Coming Year

3084 "Where forests rustle, etc." May there come to you...Health, Happiness and Enduring Friendships

3078 "Thou art here—thou fill'st the solitude, etc." Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

1448 "...It's time to greet, The friends it's nice to know!" Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

1472 A Christmas Surprise May the miracle of Christmas fill your hearts...the whole year through

1455 May Christmas bring Friends to your Fireside, Peace...And Good Health throughout the New Year

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SOME PEOPLE OF OLD W

It all started with a simple quest to end an old mystery—where Sacajawe
But it took a little time, for everyone the author met on the trail had a sto

BY AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

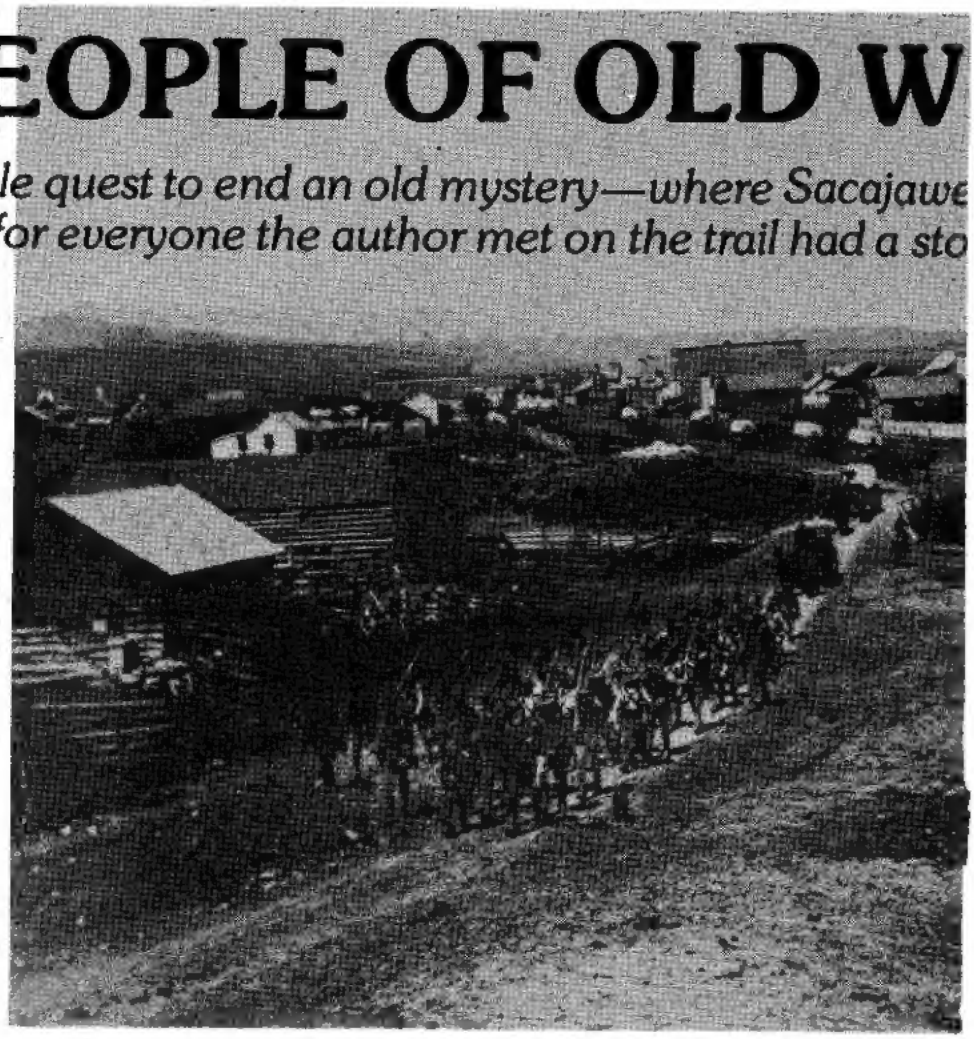

Photo Courtesy Western History Research Center, University of Wyoming

I HAVE no interest in getting involved in the present controversy over the death and burial of Sacajawea, long-ago guide of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. But the present discussions by several writers did remind me of a trip which my husband and I took in Wyoming nearly forty years ago. I then *was* interested.

I especially wanted to talk with Reverend John Roberts of the Wind River Reservation, who had been honored by the University of Wyoming, the Wyoming State Legislature, and the Episcopal Church for his half-century of missionary work among the Shoshone and Arapahoe Indians as well as the white settlers scattered over an area 100 miles in radius beyond the Reservation borders.

I knew well his daughters Marion and Gladys, and his son, Edward (Dewie), who had attended the University of Wyoming with me.

In the beginning of his service, Reverend Roberts was Principal of the Government School at Fort Washakie. He held that position for many years, as well as building and managing the Shoshone Mission for Girls at Wind River. For twenty years he was Army Chaplain to the troops at Fort Washakie.

His missionary work took the minister out of the reservation as far north as Dubois, east to Thermopolis with many places in between such as Shoshoni, Hudson, Milford, Riverton, Ethete and Lander. At all of the places on his circuit he organized religious services and even held many meetings in private homes that were opened to him.

Four church record books chronicle the baptisms, marriages, and funerals and other official acts of the church performed by this "Venerable Saint of God." Many a winter night he reached his home after a strenuous day's drive, with his team frost-coated and himself about frozen.

That Reverend Roberts could work successfully with two Indian tribes who were on unfriendly terms, who spoke different languages, and whose religious beliefs were unlike, demonstrated his deep understanding of human beings.

On June 10, 1932, Commencement Day, the University of Wyoming awarded for the first time, an honorary degree to Reverend Roberts of LL.D. (Doctor of Laws). The audience attending the presentation rose to its feet and cheered the eighty-year-old recipient.

In recognition of his long service on the Reservation, the Wyoming Legislature on Feb. 27, 1933, adopted a glowing and lengthy Joint Resolution of congratulation which read in part:

"WHEREAS, on Feb. 10, 1883, after braving the terrors and furies of an unprecedented blizzard, officiating at the funeral of a stage driver who perished in the storm, and saving the life of a fellow traveler, arrived at Fort Washakie, Wyoming, a young man whose name will go down through history for his service to the Shoshone Reservation. . . . Rev. Roberts and his family have experienced the fear and dread of massacres and uprisings . . . and on many occasions dire catastrophes have been averted only by his courageous and fearless action and wise counsel. . . ." (The children of Rev. and Mrs. Roberts were: Nellie, Edward, Marion, Gladys and Gwen.)

On February 28, 1934, a beautiful silk Wyoming flag was placed in the newly-built Cathedral of the Episcopal Church in Washington, D. C., to memorialize the work of Dr. and Mrs. John Roberts. In the entrance arch to the cathedral a stone was placed, quarried from Lander, Wyoming granite.

EARLY one spring morning in 1939 my husband "Reg" and I left Cheyenne, bound for Fort Washakie in the Wind River Indian Reservation.

By late afternoon we were engulfed in a raging blizzard. Heavy wet snow plastered the icy highway; sheets of frozen fog blanketed the sides of the draws. We barely crept along through the white drizzle. At dark we pulled into the first motel we found, on the fringe of Lander.

Jack Perrin, owner of the Tepee Tourist Camp, welcomed us and took us to a cabin whose number was inscribed on a real buffalo skull nailed above the doorway.

After supper uptown, Reg and I joined a group of sheep shearers huddled around the big White Oak heater in the small office of Tepee Camp. These men had taken refuge here from the storm which had stopped their work in the nearby hills. Their talk was entirely about sheep. Old Dad, they said, could shear ninety a day. Most of 'em sheared fifty or sixty a day at 12½ cents. They seemed agreed that shears were better than machines as the "machines burned 'em up."

When Reg and I said we were on our way to see Rev. Roberts, Jack Perrin took over the conversation. "Rev. John

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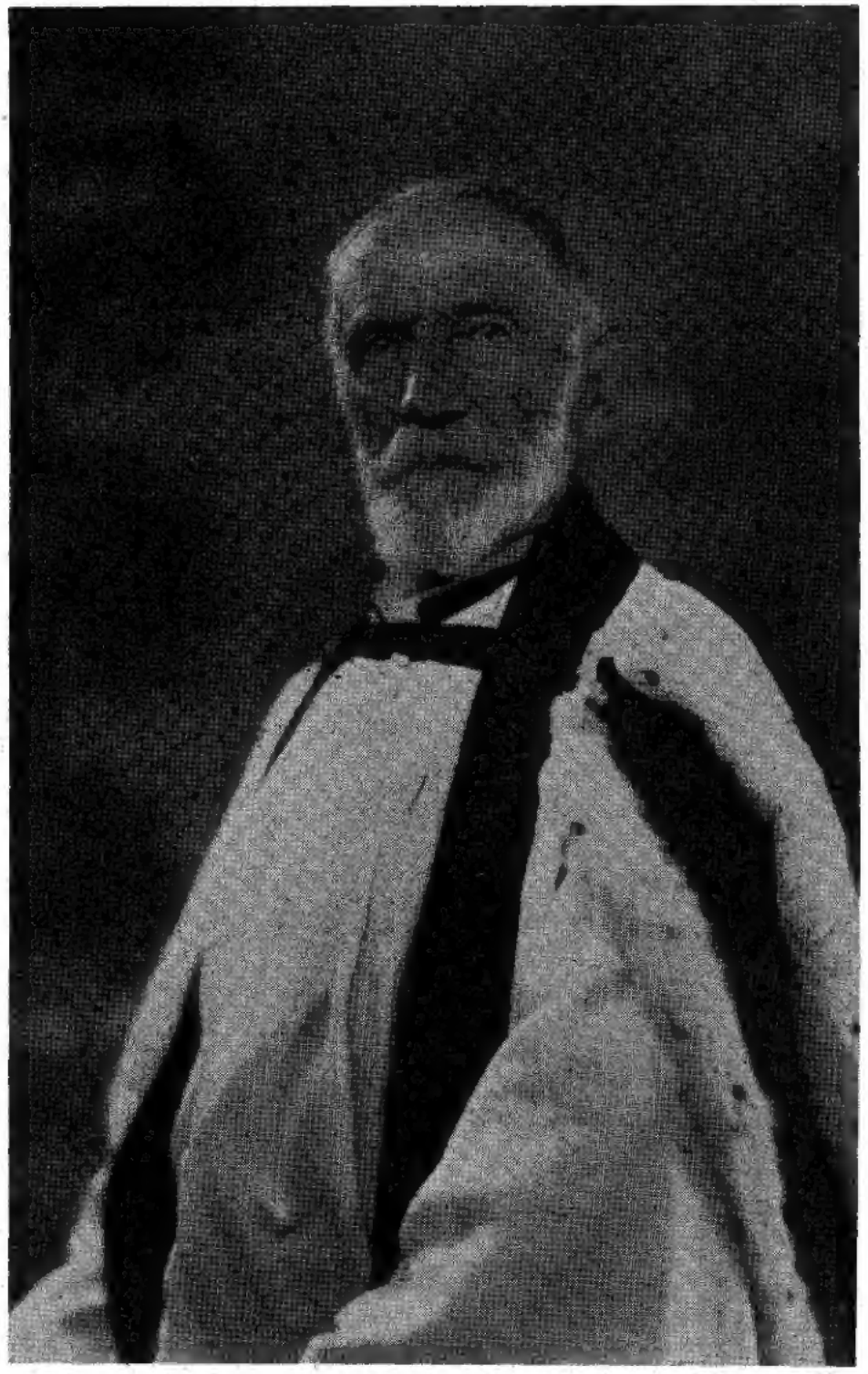

Photo Courtesy Western History Research Center, University of Wyoming

Above: Lander, Wyoming in 1878. Right: Rev. John Roberts.

Roberts," he said, "is the greatest man in the world. You couldn't make people in the Lander Valley believe he couldn't go up to God Almighty and get an answer in a minute. I seen him pray when they opened the road to Yellowstone Park. He prayed for the safety of the road. There was some terrific lightning and a crash of thunder, but not a drop of rain fell. Rev. Roberts said, 'Some of you will repeat the Lord's Prayer after me.' Some of us trailed a little, but we all prayed.

"I was tending a Dutch oven at the camp that day. J. D. Woodruff, the first settler in the Big Horn Basin, was with me. I asked him when was the last time he had said the Lord's Prayer. He said it was when the Indians killed his pardner. He swore that he'd kill an Indian for every hair they took on his friend.

"J. D. Woodruff built the first cabin in the Big Horn Basin on Owl Creek in 1871. It was 150 miles from anyone. It was later the Embar Ranch of Colonel Torrey.

"When Woodruff died in 1925 he left his home and sheep to his housekeeper. He left a note for his friend, Jess Teeters, saying: 'Where the oil crank drips—dig easy. There you will find some liquor. Drink to me and wish me a safe journey in the Happy Huntin' Ground.' That was during Prohibition.

"Woodruff died in 1925 in Shoshoni. He had a suit covered with mirrors and elk teeth. He took it back east for some kind of celebration." (Later I met Jess Teeters and he told me the same story.)

Perrin returned to the subject of Reverend Roberts. "When a pioneer's daughter is married, Reverend Roberts preaches the ceremony. He preaches funerals for the pioneers. He has no money, but he is always generous. I never heard anyone say anything ill against Father Roberts."

I excused myself and went to our cabin early, leaving the men to their visiting. As soon as our cabin warmed up, the melting snow on the roof began to drip through. After my call for help, the landlord placed a bucket and a pan under the leaks. Most of the night there was staccato music—drip, drop, drip, drop.

AFTER I had gone to our cabin Reg mentioned to Mr. Perrin that I was interested in historical writing. The landlord said he knew where there was an old

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diary that I'd probably like to see. Said it had been written by someone traveling on the old Oregon Trail in 1852. It had been found by a neighbor of his, tucked into the logs of an old mine shaft. After breakfast next morning Mr. Perrin brought the precious little volume to me. I was amazed to find that it was a real "original" and in a state of perfect preservation. I wanted to buy it on the spot.

"Go slow," Reg warned, after the camp owner had left, "If you are too interested he'll think it is worth a big price and you won't be able to buy it."

So after I read the Diary, I reluctantly returned it with thanks.

Jack Perrin told us that he had a trapper's license for twenty-one years. "I got ten bear in five days for a friend, to save his cattle. I had a good set just inside the Forest boundary but they wouldn't let me stay. There are lots of bear still up there now. A bear won't go out of the den the way he went in. One cyanide tablet will take care of him. If they pinch me, they'll have to pay my friend for the cattle the bears killed."

As we were getting into our car to leave, Perrin said, "When you pass the big white schoolhouse on the left side of the road you'll see a monument. Indians killed a man there. Drove a wagon hammer into his head. The hammer's now in the Pioneer Cabin in Lander. When you get to Wind River you'll see Reverend Roberts' big brick school and log house a tenth of a mile away. You can't miss it."

We made a short detour from Lander to the small ranch of the Hon. Robert H. Hall, long-time member of the Wyoming Legislature, who was known throughout the Valley for having telegraphed the first news of the Custer Massacre to the "Outside."

The loud ringing of the anvil piloted us to his ranch blacksmith shop where we found Mr. Hall working with a mower blade. He seemed glad to see us and led us to his large back porch. Then he brought out old-fashioned kitchen chairs for us.

"Will you tell us about sending the Custer battle news?" I asked at once.

He smiled. "I was a clerk and telegrapher at Camp Stambaugh near Atlantic City from 1873 to 1878. One day—June 29— a runner came in from the north with word that Custer and his men had been wiped out by the Indians. We were stunned. The telegraph line from Stambaugh had a break and we couldn't send out the message. I immediately took my gun, my telegraph instrument, and my hobble horse, Jimmy, and rode fifty miles to the Big Sandy Station. There I cut in on the main telegraph line east and sent flashing to the military department headquarters at Omaha an account of the defeat 250 miles to the northeastward. I don't know why the news was delayed in being sent out from Omaha. I know the first news Cheyenne had was in the Cheyenne *Leader* on July 6. The news did not reach Bismarck, North Dakota, less than 300 miles from the battlefield, until seven days after I telegraphed it—eleven days after the fight.

"I've been ranching here since 1878.

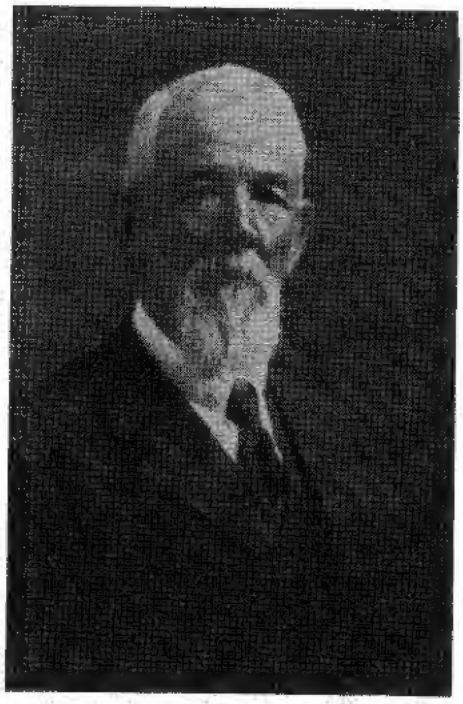


Photo Courtesy Western History Research Center, University of Wyoming

Robert H. Hall.

Folks here in Lander are planning a Pageant-Parade of History on the Fourth of July this year called the Winning of the West. They plan to have me on a float with my horse and telegraph instrument."

We expressed the hope that we might get back for the Pageant. Just then I noticed a peculiar expression cross Reg's face. Could he be ill? I thanked Mr. Hall for the visit and arose to go, saying we had a long drive ahead.

When we had reached our car I asked Reg what was the matter. "Nothing now," he said, "but a big bull snake crawled under your chair and knowing your aversion to snakes, I was afraid if you saw it you might jump off the porch and break a leg." That was an understatement.

All the way to the Reservation I worried and fussed about not getting that Oregon Trail Diary. I even suggested going back and offering $25 for it. But Reg held firm, reminding me that we had no money to spare for such extras. He suggested that I wait a month and then write to Mr. Perrin.

WE HAD no difficulty in finding the big school. Reverend Roberts was expecting us as I had written ahead. His daughter, Marion, my former classmate, welcomed us and took us at once to her father's studio. She explained that his eyesight was failing.

Reverend Roberts was all we had heard about him and more. Although an octogenerian his mind was alert and his memory was clear. I knew that he had been born in North Wales and was ordained by the Church of England to the ministry in the Litchfield Cathedral in 1878. I knew, too, that he had done missionary work in Nassau (the Bahamas) and in Colorado, before coming to Wyoming Territory in 1880.

"I have read about that terrible blizzard when you arrived in Wyoming," I began.

"Yes," he smiled. "It was said then to be the worst blizzard in the history of the territory. It took me eight days to make the trip by stage from Green River on the Union Pacific to the Reservation."

"I spent my first Sunday in the Territory at Little Sandy stage stop where I chopped wood all day to help keep some of the victims warm." Then he hesitated, as if thinking back a long way. "The keeper of the stop went out to look for an old trapper they feared had perished. He found the wise old mountain man safe in his tent where he had holed up in his robes and blankets for sixteen hours until the storm died down."

"When did Mrs. Roberts join you?" I wanted to know.

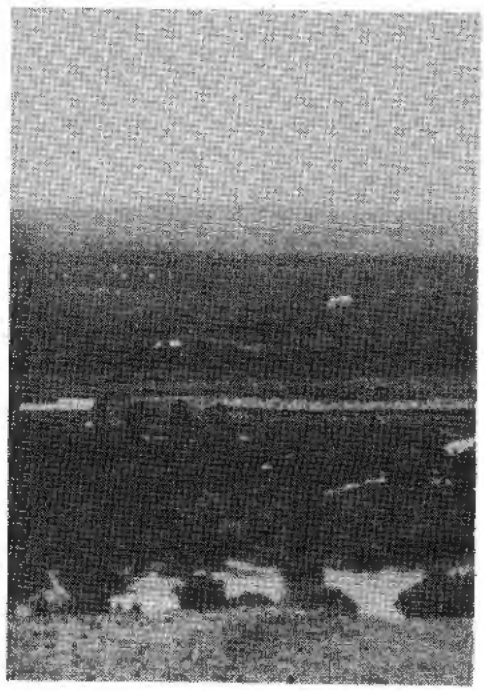
"In December 1884, I went down to Rawlins and met Miss Laura Alice Brown, an English girl, whom I had met in the West Indies. We were married in Rawlins on Christmas Day, and we came straight up by stage to the Reservation. Here she worked by my side for almost half a century."

"You must have known Chief Washakie very well."

"Yes, I baptized him in 1897 and buried him in 1900. You know, of course, that he received a military burial, with rites proper to the rank of Captain. Up to that time he was said to have been the only Indian Chief buried with full military honors by the United States. President Grant had sent him a silver-mounted saddle, which he prized highly!"

Rev. Roberts smiled frequently when he talked about Chief Washakie. "It was Washakie who gave 160 acres for a mission school in 1889. At that Shoshone Mission School the young Indian girls

Fort Washakie.



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were taught how to maintain a home; Indian boys were taught practical farming. Often Washakie admonished his people when they did not keep their children in school.

"Could the Chief speak English?" I asked.

"He was well versed in the English language but hesitated to speak it," was the answer. "Old Washakie used to say 'A man who has no friends is of no account'."

Rev. Roberts recalled that when Chief Washakie became ill during his last days, the minister persuaded him to go to the hospital and took him there in his buggy.

Washakie complained that he could not sleep in the hospital because the bed was too soft. A hardwood platform was made with a blanket stretched over it. The Chief said it was "just right."

This leader of the Shoshones died on February 20, 1900, at the estimated age of 100 (some claimed he was 102). He was buried in the military cemetery at Fort Washakie.

In discussing Indian customs and traditions I asked about the Sun Dance.

Rev. Roberts said, "It used to be barbaric, but has been modified in recent years. The Sun Dance lodge was left standing from year to year. One Hallowe'en recently, the Indian youngsters, as a prank, burned the Sun Dance lodge and created quite a furor among their oldsters."

"I'm sure you've heard the story of Crow Heart Butte many times," I ventured. "Did Washakie ever admit to you that he ate the Crow Chief's heart?"

"That story of the fight was a legend," Rev. Roberts said. "It could well have happened. Young Indian warriors were known to perform great physical feats. Washakie was then a young man. Heap crazy," he shrugged. "This was a characteristic admission."

I turned then to questions about the Arapaho. "Is it true, Reverend Roberts, that you once had the sacred pipe of the Arapaho entrusted to you?"

"Yes," he nodded. "Once during an uprising on the reservation the pipe was placed temporarily in my care. It was the most cherished possession of the Arapahoes. According to their belief it was given to the tribe by the Creator and had been handed down from generation to generation with sacred ceremony. Few white people have ever seen the pipe. Giving the pipe to me during their trouble was a display of great confidence."

Reverend Roberts told how he had gained knowledge of Indian life, how he had studied the traditions and customs and folklore of each tribe and had learned the language of both.

With the help of his young pupil, an Arapaho named White Hawk, he translated the Lord's Prayer, the Book of Common Prayer, the Catechism, the Creed, the Commandments, and the Gospels.

"White Hawk," he explained, "would pronounce the word and I would write it down.

"The Shoshones were the Mountain Indians, the 'wild birds,' who believed in the transmigration of the soul and had many superstitions. The Arapahoes were Plains Indians whose religion was similar to that of the Old Testament."

In answer to my query about the burial place of Sacajawea, Rev. Roberts spoke briefly. First, he told that her name should be pronounced with the accent on the "jaw," and added also that I should say "Ay-the-tay" when referring to Ethete.

Returning to Sacajawea, he said that he first knew the old Shoshone woman when Bazil brought her to him and left her in his care while he went on a hunt. Bazil called her his mother, but later Reverend Roberts was told he had been adopted, that the old woman was his aunt. When he gave her a Christian burial in 1884, he knew nothing about her background.

He mentioned that Bazil had been buried in the rocks or cliffs to the west of the mission. I told him I had been informed that men had recently dynamited some of the rocks in an attempt to find Bazil's bones with the hope that they would recover the medal which the Great White Father had given to Sacajawea.

Rev. Roberts made no comment. I was not surprised that he had not known about the dynamiting as the news had come to me by a very "hush-hush" grapevine.

"Quentin Quay," he volunteered, "is an aged Shoshone. He told me that he saw the old Shoshone woman at the treaty meeting at Fort Bridger in 1868, And he insisted that she was the one who later came to live on the Reservation."

Reverend Roberts spoke highly of the work of Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard, a member of the University of Wyoming faculty. He especially stressed her research among the Shoshones.

When we concluded our interview, Reverend Roberts walked to his yard gate and invited me to come back again. Then he hesitated a second and said, "I think you might be interested in talking to Andrew Manseau who lives near Dubois. He is a real pioneer and knew the old Shoshone woman."

(I saw Reverend Roberts again in 1941, when I attended the dedication of the monument to Sacajawea by the Wyoming Historical Commission. He lived to the great age of ninety-six, passing away at his home in Wind River on June 22, 1949.)

Photo Courtesy Western History Research Center, University of Wyoming

FROM Fort Washakie it was not far to Crow Heart Butte and on to Andrew Manseau's cabin on Little Dry Creek near Burris on US 287. When we first approached his home, the old gentleman seemed startled and shy. He kept his distance. Reg went back to our car while I explained that Reverend Roberts had suggested that I come to talk with him, and Manseau mellowed. Then he went into the cabin and brought two stools out to the yard. We sat down.

He quickly explained that his wife was cleaning house and didn't want anyone in there. "She's eighty-five years old and hasn't long to stay," he said quietly. And then, with a wink, "I'm eighty-two myself. She's older than I am. She was my uncle's widow and I married her. My uncle named Vidal used to have a beef contract to the Fort and I hauled beef on contract to the Agency once a month. I came to Wyoming in 1879."

"Then you must have known the Shoshone woman, Bazil's mother," I suggested.

"Yes, I did. I sold meat to her and I saw her often. The squaws always came for the entrails when I took meat to the Fort. I saw the medal that the White Chief gave her father." He hesitated, "Or, maybe it was to her. That was a long time ago I knew her. She could speak French. I talked with her in French. You see my folks spoke French

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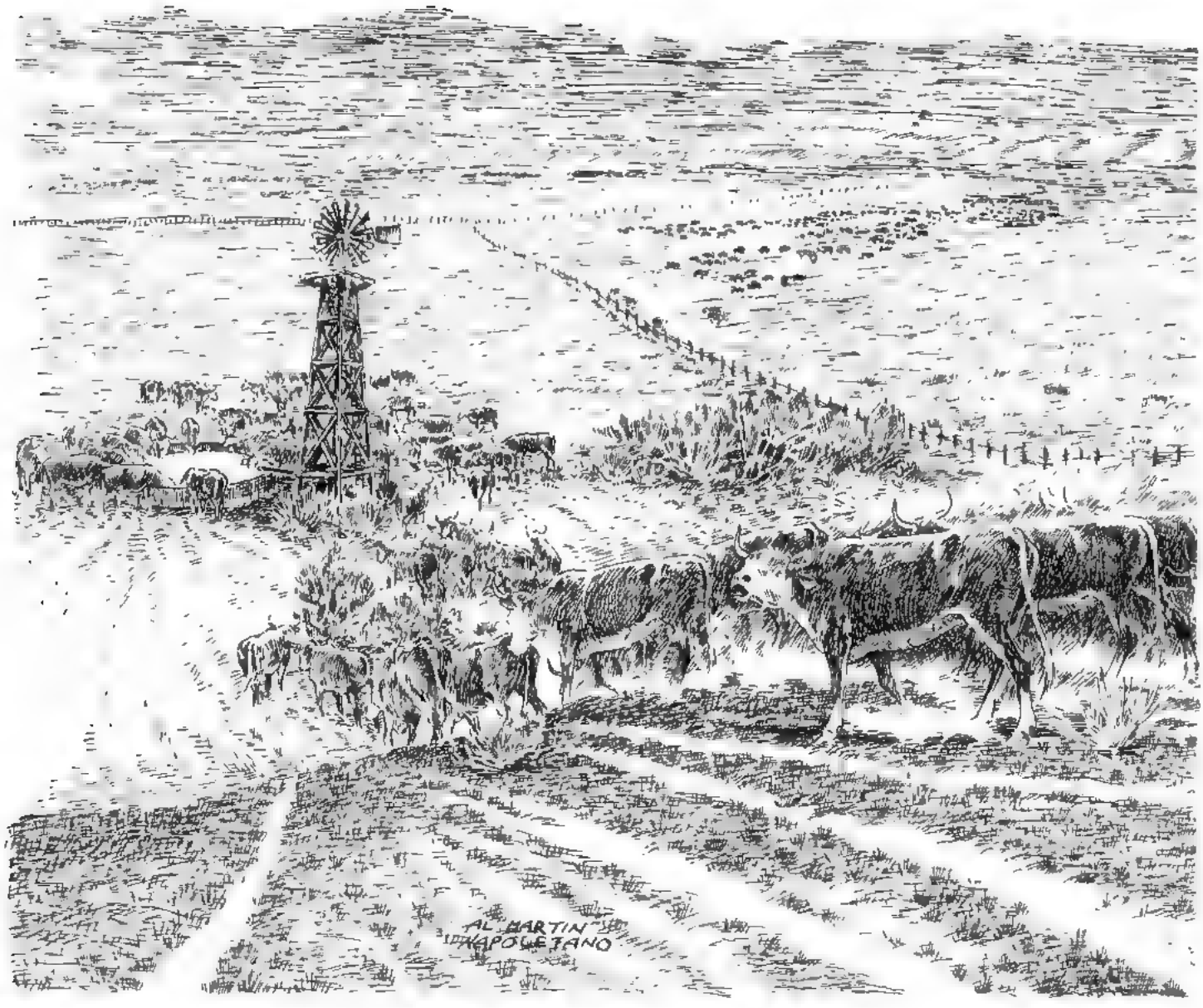

When a West Texas rancher tallies up the good turns done him over

FRIENDSHIP IN TIME

BY WALTER GANN

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

TOM Benge was a rancher whose land lay north of the Brady Mountains in Concho County, Texas. I had known him since my teen-age years, first as a working cowboy, then as a small rancher, and later when he became the elected sheriff and tax collector of the county. During his terms in office he expanded his land and livestock holdings to a point where he gave up political office to devote full time to his private business.

In 1914 I was running 125 two-year-old steers and 1,200 sheep in what was known as The Big Pasture—about twenty-five sections—on the Molloy Ranch. About 800 of those sheep had lambs at their sides. Charlie Molloy had 500 heifer yearlings in the same pasture. The pasture joined Tom Benge on the east. There was no permanent water on that portion of the Molloy Ranch. We depended on dirt reservoirs or tanks to catch and hold rainwater runoffs from the slopes and draws.

The year 1913 had been dry and 1914 was worse. There had been some light showers which kept the grass in fair condition but not enough to run any amount of water into the storage tanks. By July our water was almost gone. For some time I had been taking fresh water to the herder at the sheep camp.

We were not the only ones in distress. The drought was general. Some ranchers had already shipped part, if not all, of their stock onto a glutted market to be sold at ruinous prices. If we were compelled to dispose of our cattle we would take the same kind of a loss, and to force my poor sheep and those four-month-old lambs on the market, would really be a financial disaster. It was doubtful if they would gross more than the railroad freight and marketing charges.

There was only one man who might save us. A mile over the line dividing the two ranches, Tom Benge had a deep well. A twenty-foot, Eclipse brand, wooden-

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he years, it's not likely he'd forget

OF DROUGHT

slatted windmill with an eighteen-inch stroke pumped water into a galvanized storage tank twenty feet in diameter and thirty-five or forty inches high. The fencing was arranged so that stock from two different pastures could reach it. Water was also piped out to low troughs in each pasture for smaller animals.

Charlie and I spent some time talking about the possibility. We knew it was a strong well, but we didn't know how strong. We knew that Tom was watering most, if not all, of his stock at the well, but we didn't know how many. The most vital question—provided everything else was favorable—would Tom be willing to disrupt his plans and routine to give us access to that well? We didn't speculate what the cost might be. It would be cheap at any price. The only way to find out the answers to those questions was to ask; and it would be asking a lot.

TOM greeted us in his usual cordial manner. We talked around and about different matters and when we had dispensed with the customary formalities, I broached the purpose of our visit.

His first reaction was as if he didn't understand me. Then his face assumed an incredulous look and I imagined he was asking himself, "Do these fools know what they are asking me to do?"

The tone of his voice sounded as if he were begging us to go away and leave him alone when he said, "That's all the water I've got! This well here at the house barely furnishes enough for household use and the domestic stock. I'm watering 500 cattle and 3,000 sheep at the big well. Besides that, three or four of my farmer neighbors are driving their work and milk stock to the well and are hauling water for their household use." Then he lapsed into a deep study and he muttered, more to himself than to us, "God! I don't know how I can do it."

I knew that Tom was always willing and glad to help if asked. From his actions and the expression of his face he was bothered at the thought of having to refuse to help two friends who were in a desperate situation. My hopes revived somewhat when he asked how much stock we had. Then he turned around to his desk, picked up a pencil and paper and made a brief calculation.

"All told," he said, "it adds up to 1,200 cattle and 5,000 sheep. The cattle will drink from four to five gallons per head each day. The sheep will get along with a half or three-quarters per gallon a day —all depending more or less on the weather." Then he made a few more figures on that piece of paper.

"I've tested that well," he resumed, "and it will give up eight gallons a minute—and no more. It will supply just as much with the windmill turning at a moderate rate as in a high wind at full speed." Then he regarded us thoughtfully while our hopes hung in a balance. All of a sudden, he said decisively, "I believe we can make it. We can give it a try—anyhow. I'll turn the well over to you fellows and expect you to water everything that comes to it."

The announcement came so quickly it almost took my breath. I took a sly peek at Charlie Molloy and he was just sitting there with his mouth open. It was my guess that he had been wondering how he could stand an $8 or $10 loss per head on those 500 yearlings.

OUR principal obstacle was disposed of, but we still had problems. Tom meant every word when he said he expected us to water everything that came to that well. Fortunately it was nothing that a little money and a lot of hard work couldn't handle.

Not being able to depend on the wind to keep the mill running full time, we bought a gasoline engine and pumpjack and set them over the well. Tom had a tenant farmer living less than a half-mile away. He was glad to get the dollar per day we paid him to sleep at the well in case the engine stopped during the night. He could refuel and start it up again. At times, when there was a stiff wind blowing, he could connect the windmill up and go about doing whatever else he wanted to do. All we asked was for him to keep water pouring into the storage tank, which he did quite well.

Tom moved his cattle out of a two-section pasture which joined ours and we pulled down a section of the fence between us so our cattle could go to and from the well once they learned where to find the water. Charlie took the responsibility of getting the cattle to water. My problem was not so simple. I couldn't

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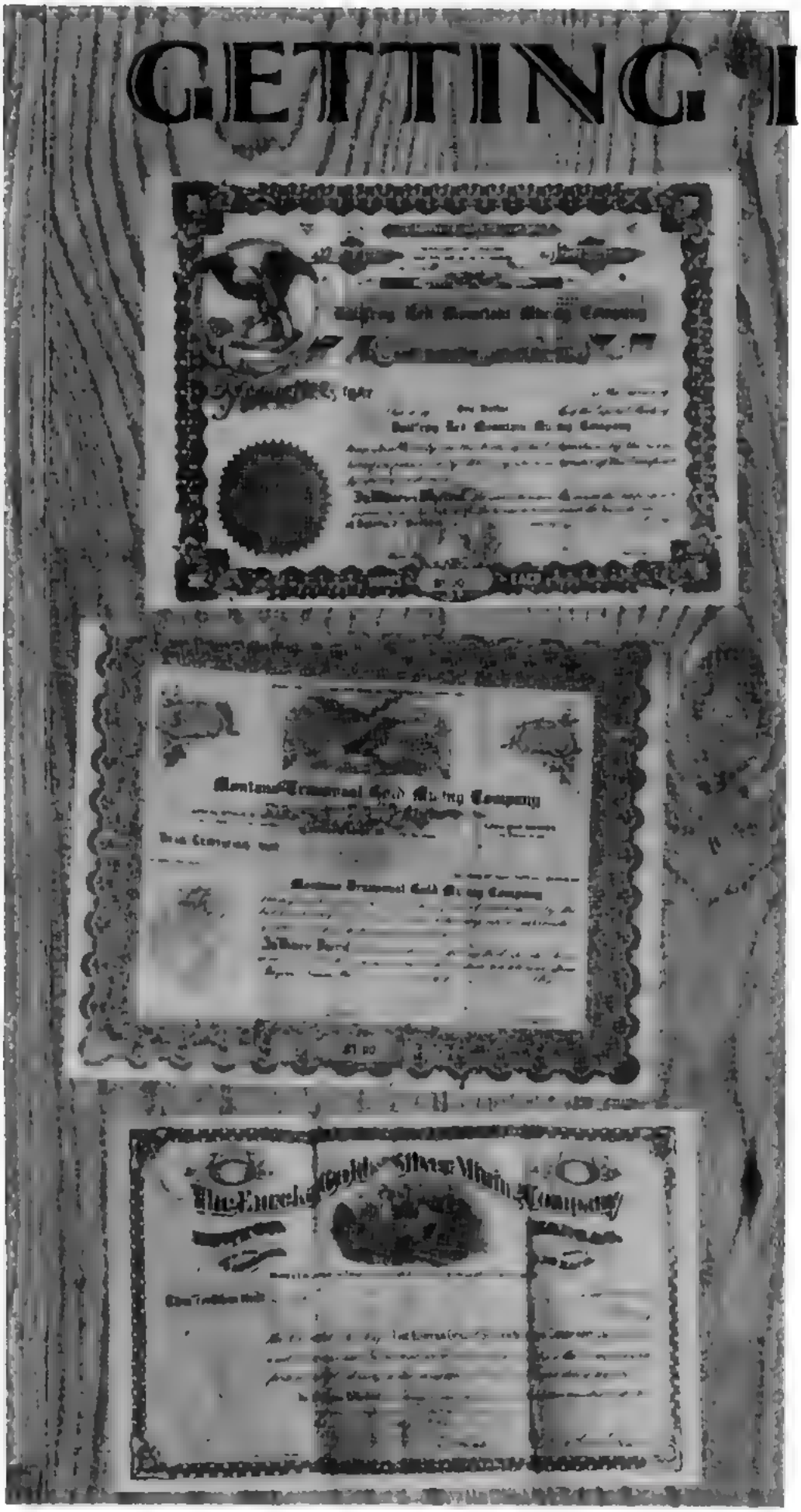
GETTING IN ON



BY ROBERTA M. STARRY

Photos Courtesy Author

WHILE TAKING the 1960 U.S. census in a gold mining area of central California I drove and hiked miles of fading trails to make a count of abandoned, yet usable, structures. Old footpaths and wagon wheel cuts led to yawning mine holes, collapsing buildings, and dark, silent tunnels that were graphic reminders of the 1890-1910 gold mining days.

Occasionally a cabin would be occupied by a prospector who waited beside his old diggings, clinging to the hope that mineral prices would rise, start a new mining boom, and again make it possible to become a millionaire. One such isolated cabin was occupied by a 78-year-old who had spent over fifty of those years searching for a bonanza. His one-room home stood in the shadow of a mountain that had teased miners with just enough gold to keep them working and hoping—now and then producing a nugget large enough to stir up excitement. The front door view from the cabin was miles of desert in a long valley that still showed the route of gold and borax ore wagons after their drivers had picked the easiest area to travel to mill and railhead.

The lone cabin was in good repair and very clean. Open shelves from wooden apple boxes, home-made table and chairs, an old iron cot, and a small antiquated battery-operated radio were the total furnishings. Everything was glossy white from repeated coats of enamel. The neatly made cot had a military look with a drum-tight top and sharp tucked-in corners.

In spite of the all-white furnishings a warm glow of color prevailed. "Gibson Girls" and calendar beauties with and without fluff, feathers and swim suits, covered the entire ceiling. Not quite as colorful but just as fascinating were the walls which were papered with mine stock certificates. This man had not only spent a lifetime in the mines but, like thousands of others, had spent a good portion of his earnings on shares in promising discoveries all over the West.

In the early days of California mining

Top certificate was issued by the Bullfrog Red Mountain Mining Co. of Goldfield, Nevada. The center stock certificate is from the Montana-Transvaal Gold Mining Co. in Rhyolite, Nevada. The Eureka Gold and Silver Mining Company (bottom certificate) of Newton, Kansas was selling shares at $10 each in 1882.

A BIG BONANZA

—a look at the days when "dividend dreams" wound up as wallpaper. Now, as collector's items, the men who owned them could at least retrieve brokerage fees—unfortunately, there's no Big Board in the Sky.

it was difficult to get in on the action unless one could invest huge sums of money or worked one's own mine. Then in 1862 that changed, and anyone could have a chance of becoming rich. The emergence of the San Francisco Stock Exchange Board with thirty-seven brokers was the small investor's door to the mining world. Brokers sold mine stock for a commission, issuing certificates that were transferable without delay or expense. Anyone with a few dollars could buy into a mine and sell whenever he wished.

RUMORS of a bonanza would send stock prices skyrocketing, with the public clamoring for their portion of sure wealth. As sales rose or fell, reports were telegraphed to investment and mining centers from coast to coast. The most recent figures were regularly posted on bulletin boards. Crowds would gather at posting time and if things were going well, brokers would be rushed. Who could resist investing one, five, or even a hundred dollars when there was so much big money to be made?

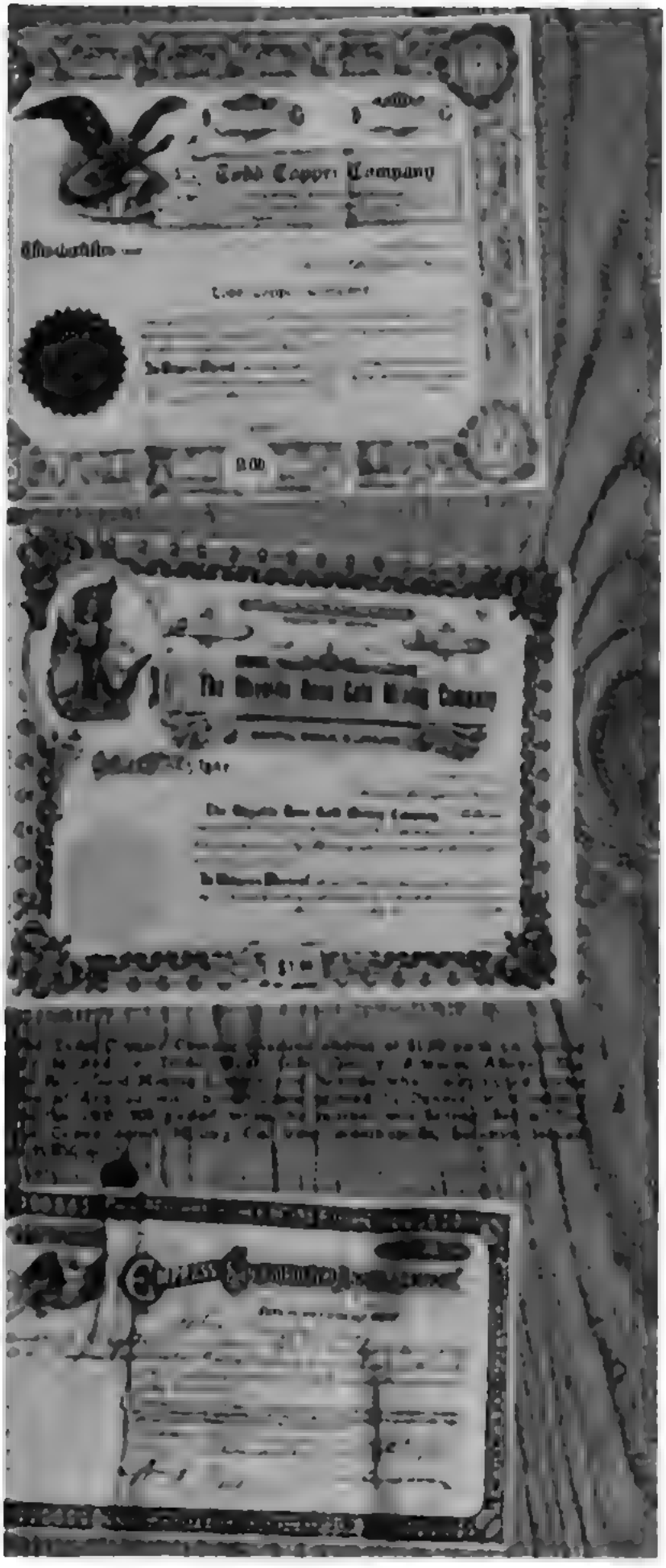
Brokers did well from their commissions, but few ended up with any wealth or even a reserve of their own. They, like their customers, found it difficult to refrain from investing or carrying the stock of others "on margin" in hopes of reaping a quick fortune. When stocks fell, many had overspent and suffered the same anxiety as the man on the street or the miner who had shorted his food supply in order to have a few dollars to invest.

The drop in value of a stock usually hit the miner doubly hard. He had worked a six- or seven-day week, ten-hour day, for from $2.00 to $3.00 an hour. When his shares dropped to nothing or demanded an assessment, it was not uncommon for the mine owners to cut his pay or lay him off because they too were in financial straits.

Since those in the mine fields were in the best position to observe development and management in their area, there may have been less need to advertise shares than in the distant populated centers. For right in the center of many big mining operations, the *Daily Territorial Enterprise* (Virginia City, Nevada) on February 3, 1869 carried only four small 1½" ads in the classified section. They were similar in content

"B. F. Sherwood and Company Stock Brokers—Mining stocks bought and sold strictly on Commission. Offices Virginia City and San Francisco."

One ad did note other services; the advertisers were not only stock brokers but "money brokers, advances made on stocks. Legal tender bought and sold."



Those four little offerings were hardly noticeable compared to the eye-catching, full-page spreads that appeared in western and national magazines whose main readership was far from the mining scene.

"GOLD—GOLD—GOLD" in bold dark print couldn't be missed, followed by "Gold Creek Mining Company, 2¢ per share, 30 miles south of Kingman [Arizona] and adjoining the famous Gold Road property that recently sold to Captain De La Mar and O. P. Posey for $250,000 cash."

If the Captain and Posey—whoever they were—were spending that much, the whole area must be a sure thing! The ad went on to claim that in six months the stock would be worth 15¢ a share.

The Copper Bullion Mining Company in the Dragoon Copper Belt near Bisbee, Arizona asked in its advertisement: "DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY? Buy mining stock when property is being developed now at 25¢, par value $1.00. Absolutely non-assessable."

Those last three words would be a selling point to the experienced investor. Unwary buyers, however, in the excitement surrounding a new discovery, would not check on the type of share being offered—and frequently it turned into a costly venture. Instead of the promised dividends there would come notices of assessments to cover buildings, machinery and labor, turning a 10¢ share into a very expensive piece of paper.

There were companies that assessed for legitimate expenditures and eventually paid good dividends; and there were those that through no fault of their own were wiped out by fire and cave-ins.

Many, though, assessed until the company's shares were dropped or sold at a loss so that the chosen few could buy up stock cheap and keep all the profits. Suddenly the worthless mine would open into a rich ore deposit, and wealth pour into the hands of the crafty not the hands of those who had bought early shares and helped finance the equipment, the development work, and the long struggle to get a mine paying off.

PROSPECTORS and miners were known as a restless lot, moving on to what they hoped would be their big strike. Mine investors were not too different. If one mine wasn't paying dividends, maybe the next one would; and some sounded so good they just had to be a big money-maker.

The November 1898 issue of *Overland Magazine*, published in New York, had an ad that would entice anyone who had a few dollars to spare. "Rich Strike in Colorado" was the heading, followed by a quote from the New York *Sun* on a new strike near Idaho Springs. One chunk of gold in white quartz was valued at $400—and one million had been refused for the mine. "Don't miss this opportunity of a lifetime. Send today for maps and prospectus giving all details, or better send $5 for 10 shares at once and thereby reserve the right to buy one hundred more shares at the same price

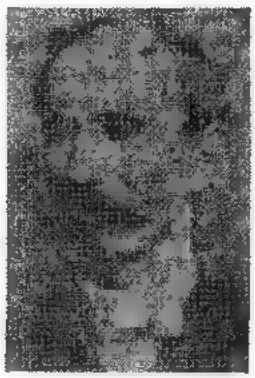
(Continued on page 28)

The man in lower left is George Paggett (incorrectly spelled on photo) who turned states evidence. Wyrick, Brady and Manaker were hanged for the murder of McNally.

TROUBLE AT OLYPHANT DEPOT

BY RAY D. RAINS

Photos Courtesy Author



W. P. McNally

The conductor had always said no one would rob his train while he was alive. He was dead right!

THE Olyphant, Arkansas train robbery November 3, 1893, was among the more notorious acts of banditry, taking its place high in the annals of this form of crime. Not only was the manner in which it was executed, daring and ruthless, the time chosen by the outlaws to commit the robbery, had they only known, put their life in grave jeopardy. Moments after the outlaws' exit, an apparent act of God prevented a disastrous head-on collison of the southbound Iron Mountain and Southern Railway Train No. 1, and the nationally famous Northbound Cannonball Express.

Several years later, Charles Beehm, a brakeman on the ill-fated No. 1, related the details of the holdup by eight well-seasoned outlaws. The results of the robbery left the aging conductor, W. P. McNally, brutally murdered, the express and mail cars successfully robbed, and an estimated $6,500 in cash and $3,000 in gold watches and jewelry stripped from some three hundred passengers and crew members.

It was the year of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. Sightseers from every city in the nation clambered aboard over-crowded trains, anxious to reach the "Windy City" and become a part of the gala affair. It was another story with the outgoing trains. Footsore and weary, hundreds made their way aboard for the long journey home.

No. 1 had pulled away from Poplar Bluff, Missouri, at 4:27, November 3, loaded with mostly Chicago fair returnees. At 7:55, the seven-coach train pulled in on the siding at Walnut Ridge, Arkansas, for the evening meal. The stop at Walnut Ridge always upset Conductor McNally. In the twenty years he had served as conductor, he never failed to leave the "Ridge" at least twenty minutes behind schedule. Tonight was no different. And to make a bad situation worse, a cold north wind which had brought in a blinding rain, showed no sign of letting up.

At 9:24, No. 1 paused at Newport for orders and passengers. As McNally left the depot, he left the station agent chuckling good-naturedly at his customary complaint about being behind time. At the steps of the rear day-coach, the conductor swung his lantern in the darkness, indicating his readiness to depart. Without hesitation Engineer Bob Harris signaled an answer with two sharp blasts of the whistle. The train began moving, gathering speed at a rapid pace.

Charles Beehm spoke admiringly of McNally's ability to keep a tight schedule and run a secure train. The sixty-year-old veteran was proud of his record and at every opportunity was quick to acclaim his success in having never been held up by bandits. With confidence he would add rather emphatically, "No one will ever succeed in robbing my train as long as I'm alive."

As the train crossed the lengthy trestle spanning White River, and plowed through the rain-drenched river bottoms, Beehm asked McNally about passengers for Olyphant, a flag stop nine miles south of Newport. "We've got two getting off. Charlie Land and Frank Lippman's daughter," McNally replied.

In the beginning of his railroad career, McNally had worked for the Cairo and Fulton Railroad. He had made the run to Fulton, Arkansas, until the rails were extended to Texarkana, after which, the line's name was changed to the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railway. Since the early '80s he had made the run from Poplar Bluff to Texarkana. Over the years, McNally's popularity with the public increased, probably due to his talent in making conversation with his passengers. If a person had ridden his train more than once, McNally knew him by his first name.

(Continued on page 42)

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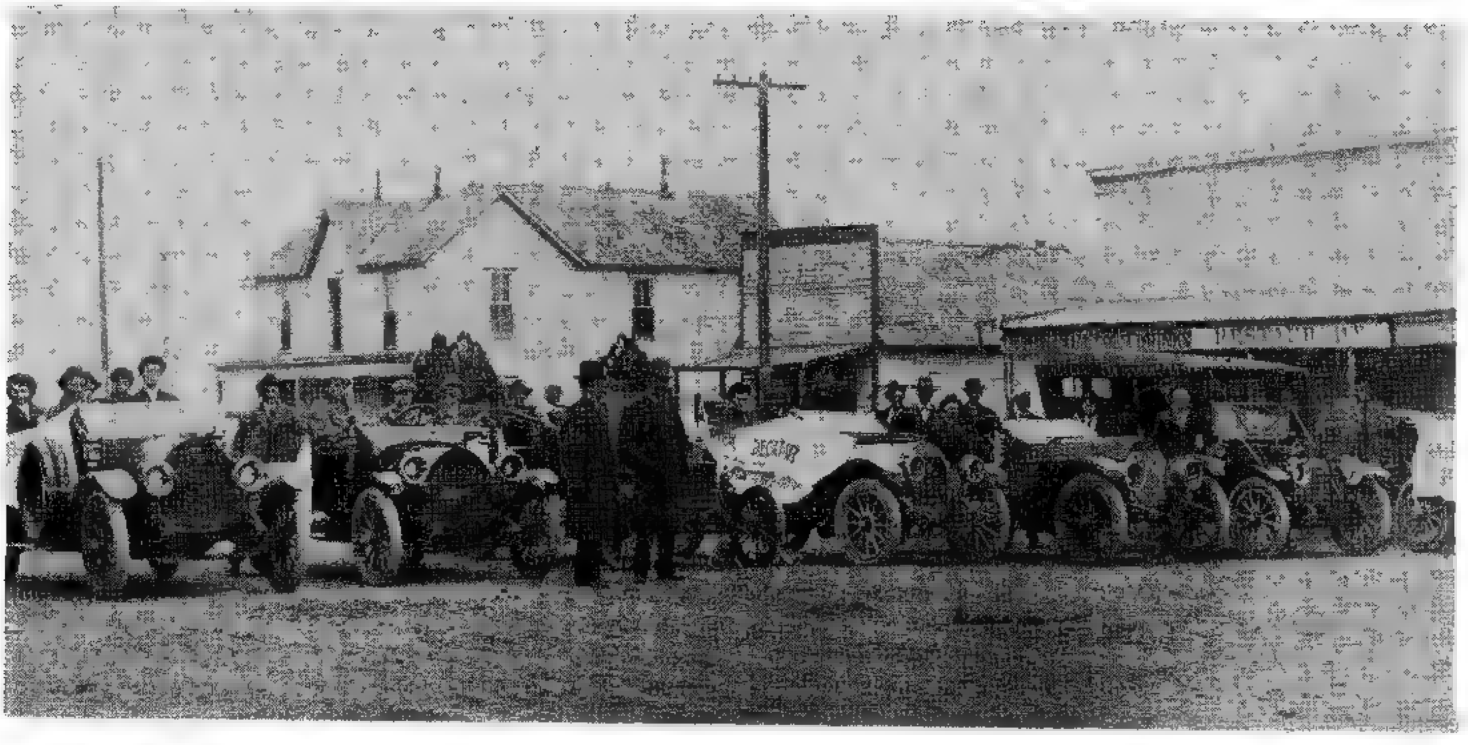
Below: Rhome, Texas.



FRIENDS, RHOMANS, COUNTRYMEN ---

Rhome and vicinity was a land of extremes. Some folks were so good they "wouldn't milk a cow on Sunday." Others were so ornery the sheriff had to strip them of their shoes and haul in enough sand burrs to escape-proof the jail!

BY FOY BLAIR

Photos Courtesy Author

SOMETIME about January 1, 1909, a buzzard laid two eggs on an old stump. (That is what Mamma told us when we asked where babies come from.) Then on July 30, the sun hatched them premature. A boy and a girl that just weighed five and one-half pounds together. The doctor told the grandma and mother to put them in some warm blankets and put flannel around them and not to look at them for twenty-four hours. "If they sneeze," he said, "they will not live." We didn't sneeze, so I am here to tell you this story.

In the summer of 1911, we were at my Grandma's visiting and were asleep on a pallet on the floor. I awoke first and went into the kitchen with Mamma, Granny and Uncle Todd. It was getting late when we finished breakfast, so Uncle Todd wanted to play with us before he went to work. He worked in a bank as a bookkeeper.

Anyway, he went in to wake Brother up. He stood him up, but Brother couldn't stand up, he would just sit back down. Uncle Todd got afraid and called Mamma and Granny and they tried to stand him up but couldn't, so they called the doctor. He came and felt all over Brother, then he started to stick him with a

Above: Granny, Evaline Stevenson. Below: Author's twin brother, Roy.

needle. He told Mamma if Brother did not flinch or move he had infantile paralysis, what we call polio now. He stuck him all over until he came to the left knee; from there down Brother was paralyzed. He gave him a small dose of strychnine, he told Mamma. He had to have it every four hours and not miss a dose. Grandma would give it one four hours, and then Mamma the next. We stayed a long time with Granny, then we went home.

Daddy had a nice job with the railroad. He had a crew of men that built the water tanks for trains, and corrals where they loaded the cattle for market. In the evenings Daddy would have the section hands put the little hand car on the tracks and they would pump us for a ride up and down the tracks. Brother was getting better, I never did have infantile paralysis, though we slept together all the time.

We took Brother to a doctor in Fort Worth, Texas. Two of the first things I remember about being in Fort Worth was the old Terminal Hotel not far from the depot. Brother got so he could walk and we would climb up over grades of the railroad tracks; they were our hills. One day we were on a hill and heard a noise and looked up and there were three or four airplanes. We ran back to the house scared to death. Mamma said they were planes from Hicks Field and there was a war going on. That was some time around the last of 1914 or first of 1915. Daddy was sent to Trinidad, Texas on a job. Mamma let my older brother Duard stay in Rhome with Granny and Uncle Todd to go to school. Brother and I sure had fun in Trinidad early in the mornings. We would go look for railroad bums. They would get off the freight trains and sleep under the chute of the corral.

We took one to our house, which was a boxcar fixed up for living on a side track while Daddy worked. We took him home for Mamma to fix him breakfast. The table had a long bench and Brother got in first, then the bum, and I was on the outside. We didn't want our bum to get away.

Mamma asked him if he wanted coffee and he said, "Yes." We told her we did, too. She fixed it for us; of course, ours was more milk than coffee. We passed the sugar to the bum but he said, "No, thanks, I use salt and pepper in mine."

Mamma said she sure had a time with us for a few days to keep us from putting salt and pepper in our milk coffee.

When Daddy's job was over, we went to Rhome to visit Granny and get Duard. It was a few days before school was out for the summer. Daddy had a new job in the oil field at Ragtown, Oklahoma. They called it Ragtown because the town was nearly all tents. I heard Mamma tell Granny we would go as soon as Duard was out of school.

One afternoon a little boy from across the road came over to play with us. Our furniture was stored in Granny's barn and the big black cook stove was just inside the door. It was spring and Granny's garden sure was pretty. We thought it would be fun to cook some of Granny's greens on the big old stove in the barn. We built a fire and got one of Mamma's pans. The fire sure was hot. The stove was red and our greens were cooking fast. Just then Duard came home from school hollering at Granny that the barn was on fire. We heard him so we all ran out of the barn.

Granny and Duard went in to put the fire out. We ran through every gate, leaving them open, and the chickens got out in the garden, and the cow out of the lot. The little boy went home, and Brother and I ran under the house so far and it was so tight under the front porch they had to take a pitchfork to poke us out. That was the first and only spanking I remember Granny ever giving us.

While we were at her house, we went to Sunday School at the Baptist Church, Mrs. Baker was my Sunday School teacher. They said she was so religious that she wouldn't milk the cow on Sunday, but I don't know if that was true. I loved that Sunday School. I remember she had a picture of a hen and little chicken house; if we did not miss Sunday School, we would get a little yellow chicken to stick on the picture. I don't think I had but three or four; however, many Sundays we were with Granny. She gave me a Sunday School card with Christ on it. His rod in His hand and the little sheep standing by Him. I loved that picture card.

The time came for us to go to Oklahoma. Daddy was a lease foreman and we had a company house. There was a round house with a big wheel that pumped the oil to the tanks, and a big flare near the house so it was light in the yard at night. Daddy put some holes in the gas line and Mamma would set her wash pot over it and have the gas fire under it; then when she finished boiling her clothes they would turn off the fire. She said she knew she was one of the first women to have a gas fire.

By now the war was getting bad. We could hear them talking about it. So Brother and I would make us up a bunch of mud balls out of that red clay, let them dry and we called it our ammunition. The teamsters would go out to the field from our yard with lumber for the rig builders. They kept kegs of large nails in the roundhouse and on cold days we would build houses and fences to play farming. But on pretty days we were up on top of one of the derricks by the road where the teamsters had to pass to go to the field. I would hold the bottom of my dress to make an apron for the ammunition and climb with one hand to the top. When the wagons came by, we would start our war on them with our red clay balls. Then when they passed we would go to the side of the derrick top where they had a small pulley that they ran things to the top of the derrick on. We would lift it out and drop it to see how far it would go into the ground.

After playing war one day we found that a dog had followed us home and we asked Mamma if we could keep him. She looked in his mouth and he didn't have many teeth so she said yes. After that he went everywhere we went. We named him Old Pup. We would hear the drillers talking about shooting the well with nitroglycerin to bring it in. That meant to

The original photo, reproduced below, had to be shot in two parts to include everyone. The building by the windmill still carried the sign "Office Corsicana Petroleum Company." According to *The Handbook of Texas*, "The Magnolia Petroleum Company, founded as an unincorporated joint stock association on April 24, 1911, was a consolidation of several earlier companies, the first of which, the J. S. Cullinan Company, began operating a refinery at Corsicana, Texas, on December 25, 1898. The Corsicana Petroleum Company, planned as a crude producer for the Cullinan plant, was organized in 1899." So what you're really seeing here is, in effect, the beginning of one of the most important oil companies in this country.

Early 1900 rigs at Ragtown. The crews are unidentified.

start it to flowing. Sometimes, when they would bring one in, the oil shot out over the derrick and spilled everywhere. Brother and I would hide behind the dike of the slush pit to watch. If any of the crew saw us, they would run us off, so we sure did have to be careful. We watched a lot of them shoot a well and never got caught.

School started and the Company put up a tent for us to go to school in. It had a long table with benches, and all the kids on the lease came to it. Miss Thurston was our first teacher. We met some kids from somewhere not too far away, and sometime later they asked us to go home and spend the night with them. Well, Mamma let us. They lived in a log house with a breezeway and a room on each end. We had a good time playing, and when it got dark some friends came over. Their daddy gave them some beer. The kids asked us if we wanted to taste it, that their daddy had made it. We said yes. Boy, did we spit it out; it tasted awful. It was what they called Choctaw beer.

Well, we went to bed and were asleep when someone started a fight. Brother and I did not take time to put our shoes on. We ran all the way home in the dark and there was snow on the ground. We had our shoes in our hands when we got in the house and Mamma warmed our feet and gave us some lemonade and we went to bed.

I don't remember spending the night with anyone else in Oklahoma.

OUR NEXT move was to Healdton (in the same state). The war was still on. We put syrup in our milk coffee instead of sugar.

I liked it in town. Duard went to work after school delivering groceries. Old Pup went with us, then someone gave us a Collie we called Tippy. He had a white tip on his tail. We had him for awhile and then someone ran over him and he died. We buried him and Duard made him a tombstone out of the sand rock. It was red and he carved Tippy's name on it.

One day I saw a man on a front porch at a house and he was sick and frothing at the mouth. I ran for Mamma and we went back and she helped take him inside. He had what they called jake-leg from drinking Jamaica ginger.

Everyone was talking about smallpox. The school closed and Mamma was giving

us sulphur and Cream of Tartar pills to keep us from having it. Duard came home from work one day, sick, had a high fever for a few days. They put him in the hospital. Mamma was still giving us the pills, but Brother got tired of taking them so he hid his under things and in vases. He said he would have the smallpox and get it over with. The doctor called Mamma to come take Duard out of the hospital before he exposed the whole place.

Mamma and I took our pills, and we had what they called Veraloid. We had a little fever and a few spots but not bad. After we had smallpox, I remember Mamma told us one day that we would have to take a nap as we were going to church that night. Well, the church was a brush arbor or a large tent. I remember that there were oil lights on every post that held it up. I think they said Billy Sunday was the preacher.

Just before school was out in the spring, Daddy got a new job in Ranger, Texas, a boom town. The day we left Healdton on the train, Old Pup went to the station with us. As we got on the train, he sat down at the bottom of the steps. We cried a little, maybe a whole lot.

While we were in Oklahoma, Uncle Todd had married Euna Wright. They had a baby girl so we could hardly wait to get back to Rhome to see the baby. We visited them for awhile before going on to Ranger.

When we got there, it was dry and hot. Daddy had rented the last vacant house. It had no windows or doors; he had been fixing it up after work. As soon as we moved in, Mamma made pallets on the floor. People would pay her $2.00 a night or more for the first few days.

She had to cook on a stove outside. The gas line was on top of the ground. I think she cooked on wood out there until Daddy could put the gas inside.

It was hot and dry. The water man hauled us water in a wagon. It cost $2.00 a barrel. My twin and I would run along behind the water wagon and pat our hand in the water that sloshed out. We thought that was a lot of fun.

Our house was a story and a half. We found some shotgun shells upstairs. Brother cut one in half and was going to make a flare or something out of it. He lit it with a match and I thought it might hurt someone, so I ran and picked it up and blew on the shell. It went off in my hand. Boy, did I have blisters from that powder burn! I had to eat with one hand for a long time.

New people kept coming in by the thousands. People were living in tents, shacks and beaver board houses. Beaver board is something like cardboard. One night a fire broke out. Two blocks of the main part of town was burning. Trucks with mattresses on fire were passing our house. After awhile Daddy found a man with a truck to move us out. While they were loading up, Brother and I found our dog and cat. Mama put us to bed on one end of the porch. Well, we got in and covered up with a quilt. Brother rolled up on his side and so did I. When we had it all tight so the cat and dog could not get out, they started to fight. We were sure scratched before it was over.

They finally got the fire out and Mamma and Daddy unloaded the truck. When they had everything back in the house, they had a stewing pot and colander that did not belong to us. That was some night.

Euna Wright Stevenson is on the left.

SOME of the show people rented from Mamma. It was a big tent, just walls, no top, and with board benches—an open air theater. You could see the stars. One

night they had a hypnotizer—that was what us kids called him.

We had a little colored friend. He was on our baseball team. So one night we asked him to go to the show with us. When it came time for people to go up and be hypnotized, we talked him into it. The hypnotizer gave them all little baskets. He told them when he had them hypnotized that they were in a strawberry patch and could have all the strawberries they wanted but not to step on the vines. They stepped so high and looked so funny, everyone just died laughing.

We saw Ken Maynard and Ruth Roland on Saturdays in that tent. It served as a picture show too. We had plenty of money for shows and everything, as the Tulsa crew of casers had a small bunkhouse just across the street from us and every day we ran errands for them. They would give us a lot of change; it must have been an awful lot as we could fill a little milk-can bank every afternoon. I heard that the men who worked for the Tulsa crew were the best in the oil field.

It was getting about time for school to start, but there were so many children that we couldn't go but half a day. I had gotten friendly with a little girl in my class. We would wear each other's caps. Then Mamma found some lice on my head. She scraped my head with a fine comb and fussed at me all the time she was doing it, saying all the things she was going to do to me if I ever put another kid's hat on.

She just finished getting me over the lice when one of my cousins came to visit us. He had stopped in at Fort Worth and bought a soldier suit. Well, he had not been with us long until we all had the itch. Mamma sure was mad. She burned the suit he was so proud of.

That was about the time it started raining. It came a flood. The little creek that ran by our house began to rise. Late one afternoon the water got up above our porch steps. A Texas Ranger came in on his horse and took us out. I remember holding around his waist and dragging my feet in the water. He took us to safety.

Then on the other side of the creek there was a woman on her porch with a trunk, but she would not come off without her trunk. We found out later she had whiskey in it. She was a bootlegger.

The streets got so muddy, cars and trucks could not run. They used horses and wagons to move pipe and lumber. A man built a sled and put his horse to it and carried people across the street. He charged a dime per person. After school Brother and I would spend a lot of money riding with him.

Then the flu started. Everyone was sick and dying. Our roomers and all my family, all but Mamma and me, had it. We waited on them; one roomer died. Then one day Mamma sat down in the rocking chair. They had to pick her up and take her across the street to the hospital.

Brother and I had been sitting on our large gate post watching them bring dead people out for days, and we sure were afraid Mamma was going to die. They said she had the flu and double pneumonia. That was a long wait. Granny came from Rhome to help out. She would make a lot of hot biscuits. Some of the doctors and nurses would come over to eat.

First steel rig.

Finally, Mamma got better and they brought her home. The next day the pressure came so strong on our lines it blew the hose off the heater. The hose was going around (with fire in it). There was a Mexican man digging ditches just outside our fence. I ran out hollering at him and jumping as high as the fence. All he would say to me was "No savvy." By that time Granny had run around the house where the cut-off valve was on top of the ground, and turned it off. Mamma had rolled out of bed and was crawling to the door as she was too weak to stand up.

I still remember seeing all those wooden boxes crossways on the wagon. They were carrying them into a field for the people to bury. They could not get caskets fast enough. While the flu was still going on, we received a letter from a friend that lived in Healdton, Oklahoma. She told us the people were dying so fast that men had to dig graves at night. She would stand on the front porch and watch them dig by lanterns hung on tall sticks.

ONE NIGHT a man came to our house to ask Daddy if Duard could carry his payroll out to the lease for him, as there was so much robbing going on. No one would think about a kid carrying the money.

Well, after that, things sure did get bad, murders and holdups. One day Brother and I were passing a cafe when a man coming out patted him on the head and said, "Hi, Cotton." Brother's hair was blond. Just then someone shot the man from across the street; then another man shot the one that killed the first one. The law shot the last one.

Not too long after that I was going to the grocery store for Mamma and I heard a fuss behind the store and ran around just in time to see a colored man stab another man. He ran but while he was running he threw the knife under a house. When the law came, I told him where the knife was. A few days later, another man was shot across the street from our house. The little jail was not but a few blocks away as we just lived two blocks off Main Street. We would get to see the new prisoners every day.

(Continued on page 43)

THEY SAT in their saddles and watched him die. Nine shots in all, each leaving a black powder mark on his white duckin' vest, until the spurting blood colored it red. All the boys flinched as that crazy hombre emptied two guns into the sprawled figure of George Peacock. It happened quick as a rattlesnake strike.

At last a feller shouted, "Ain't a man here gonna help me try to stop him?" But by then the gunman was already wheeling his horse for a getaway.

They all sat staring at the body, too paralyzed to move. Not a man touched a spur to his pony to pursue Jim White, the killer. Maybe they were just as surprised that Jim finally got his fill of George Peacock's sass as they were at his unexpected, deadly reply with his .45. After he had emptied the Colt, White pulled his Smith and Wesson from his left holster and kept a-firing until it was empty too. It was as if he fired a shot for each insult that he had taken from Peacock through the months.

None of them would be likely to forget that bloody day. It happened at the fall round-up in 1887. All the cattlemen who ran herds on the east side of the Pecos River in New Mexico were working together. Sam Doss, the biggest operator among them, had John Pawley as wagon boss. The Bar-V outfit, belonging to old man William Cox used George Peacock as foreman. In addition to a few smaller ranchers in the same area, there was Jim White and his brother, C. W. who worked the BZB brand together. Jack Potter, who witnessed the killing, was then manager of

The Potter home in Clayton, New Mexico, until 1950.

NINE POWDER MARKS ON

—unpublished story from the files of Colonel Jack Potter

EDITED BY J. M. BURROUGHS

Photos Courtesy Author

From the Potter Family Collection

Mr. & Mrs. Jack Potter on their 60th anniversary.

the New England Cattle Company maturing ranch at Fort Sumner.

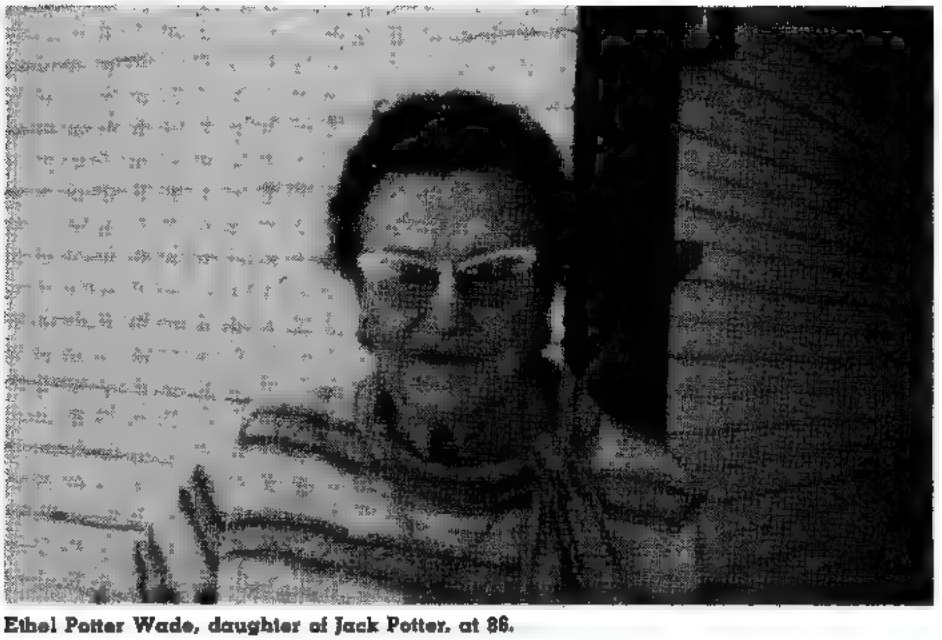
The Whites were the newest outfit in the bunch as a drought in Texas the year before had pushed them west into east-central New Mexico. Crowding more cattle into an already dry range had the makings of big trouble. And it turned out that way for sure. Big trouble.

Jim was older than C.W. and the quieter of the two. He didn't ever use more words than he had to in putting his ideas across. Being of a peaceable turn of mind, he took more than his share of guff from Peacock's men who had chased his cattle away from the waterholes. Maybe that's why they let Jim ride away from the killing without surrounding him on the spot.

To prevent real trouble, as soon as they could locate a range the White brothers leased a school section where two small creeks, the Mora and the Conejos, generally ran steady except in the driest weather. When word got around that White's BZB had moved to its own range, tempers cooled and the summer grass over that part of the state provided plenty of forage for all the outfits.

Now, it wasn't as if the Bar-V really

A DUCKIN' VEST



Ethel Potter Wade, daughter of Jack Potter, at 86.

needed more grass and water. They just had been used to running cattle on that particular section when it was still part of the open range. They resented having anybody else, anybody at all, use it—right or no right. So George Peacock and his boys never let up on the White brothers. But no one expected any serious shootin' over it at the time.

Jack Potter happened to be an eye witness because he had ridden south from the headquarters at Fort Sumner with the hands to start working the round-up from Chaves County. They'd stop at each man's range, sort out the branded cattle, burn new brands on the mavericks, then head the herd back to home range. Now everyone, they thought, knew the rule of the range and observed it. Each man was boss on his own place and any mavericks found there would naturally belong to him. It proved out they were wrong.

POTTER AND his hands rode up to White's section, about 40 miles west of Fort Sumner. They noticed smoke rising from a campfire down the creek. Pawley with the Doss wagon called out, "Look down the draw. Could that fire be cooking anybody but George Peacock's grub?"

They shaded their eyes against the sun and could see the boys driving the first bunch of calves into the branding area. C.W. started cussing, "Won't that damned Peacock ever give in? Don't he recognize a man's legal title? C'mon, boys, let's settle this now."

A few started to mount, but Jim called them back, his voice quiet and easy like he was talking to the herd on the bed ground. "We don't want no trouble just now. You fellers ain't gonna help none by busting into Peacock's camp. Let's ride down and strike up a conversation natural like. Give Peacock a chance before witnesses to say just what he's doing on our range."

Well, none of them were in a hurry to put out their fires and give up that easy, but they followed along after Jim to see what might happen. Although they stirred up quite a bit of dust galloping into his camp, Peacock didn't even glance in their direction. He stood his ground, shouting orders to his boys, paying no more notice to 'em than to a bunch of curious prairie dogs that had just popped out of their holes. "Burn that brand deep," shouted Peacock, "mark that maverick Bar-V."

Jim sat his horse, still saying nothing, biding his time. A few Bar-V cows just separated from their bawling calves dashed frantically about. After another maverick was roped and thrown and then struggled up with hide still smoking from Peacock's iron, Jim's jaws began to work and tighten until the men around could almost hear his teeth grinding. Just as the third maverick was roped, he raised his voice so he could be heard clearly over all the din, "Peacock, if you brand one more—just one more— of my calves, I'll have to shoot you."

Peacock's boys looked up uncertainly at Jim's shouted threat. They had heard him all right and were waiting a signal from their boss. But Peacock acted real deaf like. He kept his eyes on the next calf, a solid white yearling heifer. "Put our brand on that one too, boys," he commanded.

As the men lifted the smoking irons, the first shot from Jim's .45 knocked Peacock off his horse. He had been hit in the shoulder, not hurt bad. He half raised up like he was going to trade shots, but Jim began shooting like a man gone plumb out of his mind. Fury changed his features to grim hate. Indignation burned from his eyes. He did not look like the range companion that the boys all knew. After he had emptied two guns, he rode off shouting something about "gettin' old man Cox too." That's when Lon Reed and Jim Wiggins came to their senses and started after White.

One of the boys turned Peacock's body over to make sure he was dead, though a man with nine holes in his chest is sure bound to be. Eusebio, a Mexican hand, dismounted and began to scrape dirt with his knife over the blood, so the cattle couldn't smell it. They had enough trouble on their hands without any wild cows adding to it.

It took a while to unload Peacock's chuck wagon and place his blanket-covered body in it. The driver headed for Fort Sumner forty miles to the east, knowing it would be morning before he could get there. As the rest of the boys started back to White's camp, they saw the ranch owner William Cox and two hands riding at top speed in their

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On a cold winter day at San Quentin, badmen of France 'violets for her furs'

THE ACTRESS AND THE CONVICTS

Photo From Library of Congress Collection

Photo Courtesy The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley

the West gave a lady from

BY JEANNE SCHINTO

Photo From Library of Congress Collection

Above left: Sarah Bernhardt. Above: In front of her tent at Dallas. Opposite left: During Sarah's performance at San Quentin.

THOUGH the windows are barred, the view is good from the top floors of the hospital at San Quentin. And although sick men here usually sit and survey the prison yard scene below—like dazed birds—without seeing, today, a bleak day in February 1913, they are watching intently.

It is a holiday, George Washington's birthday, and evidently San Quentin officials have agreed to break the gray monotony called prison life with a show, because the yard has been converted into an open-air theatre.

In the center of the space, long pine planks have been propped up with blocks to make rows of benches, and in front of these, a temporary stage has been built. Onstage prison musicians, dressed in black-and-white stripes, tune up as their identically dressed audience files in.

Time passes. The show doesn't start. The star attraction is late. Then suddenly all eyes turn as a flaring red automobile, the first ever to be seen in the yard, sputters through the prison gates, and out of it steps the one they've all been awaiting. In hat, gloves, and leopard-skin coat, it is the great French actress Madame Sarah Bernhardt.

Sarah does not play Cleopatra or Camille or Medea or Froufrou or any of her other classic roles that day. Instead she plays a character in a drama written by her son Maurice, and the choice seems right. When the performance is over, the prisoners have been visibly moved; some of them are crying; and one ascends the stage with a bunch of violets in his hand to read Sarah an appreciation in French.

The following day the San Francisco *Examiner* ran a front-page story on the performance under the headline: "BERNHARDT GIVES BEST OF ART TO CONVICTS, TRIUMPH OF GENIUS CHEERED BY STRIPED MEN." It was an unforgettable afternoon, the *Examiner* stated, not only for the prisoners but for Sarah as well—"an episode that eclipses all her other experiences."

It was *not* a publicity stunt. At age sixty-eight, Sarah needed none. She was internationally famous; she had been for decades. Five continents—Europe, North America, South America, Asia, and Australia—had paid and would continue to pay her homage. In France, in 1921, Sarah was the first actress ever asked to join the prestigious Legion of honor. In Russia, during one of her world tours, she was given a brooch of diamonds and emeralds by Czar Alexander II. In Sydney, during another tour, she rode down streets decorated in her honor. In Rio de Janeiro, on yet another tour, a newspaperman reported, "She was recalled 200 times before the curtain fell by an audience grown delirious with enthusiasm." In the United States, shortly before her death in 1923 at age seventy-eight, she was called "a superwoman" by the American press; and by the American people, as always, she was called simply "The Bernhardt," a dramatic institution and phenomenon in and of herself.

WHAT, then, was this great woman doing entertaining convicts, five of them sentenced to death, on a cold winter day at San Quentin?

Sarah went there because she loved to create truly dramatic situations—especially tragic ones—but also because she loved the American West; because she felt drawn to it as, in the movies at least, Eastern ladies are drawn to cowpokes and outlaws; and because she felt that beneath its tragedies, its untamed spirit, and its maverick ways, there lay great stores of untapped creativity, mother lodes of raw talent waiting to be discovered.

"The west is a hotbed of unformed imagination," Sarah told a reporter in 1906 (shortly after a small town called Hollywood had been incorporated). "It is wonderful, the emotional indication of those people out there. I shall always see before me those crowds, those eager faces, listening, seeing, understanding not a word of French, but moved by the sheer emotion of the play, growing pale and red with the excitement of the scenes.

"What does all that mean? It means that there is a great underlying sympathy with the most classic effort of imagination. It means that all this quivering of suppressed emotion will burst into great achievement in the arts. This is the new world, the land of promise."

Sarah's special feelings toward the West must have been kindled by the West's special feelings toward her, particularly as they contrasted with the East's. It wasn't that Western audiences admired her more or filled more playhouses to capacity than the Eastern audiences, because they didn't. If anything distinguished the two sides of the States, it was not the quantity but the quality of the enthusiasm each felt for Sarah and the way in which each expressed it.

While the East strived for painstaking sophistication and reserve while showing its esteem, the West was unabashed and spontaneous. While Eastern newspaper theatre critics wrote short, esoteric reviews of her plays to suit their cultured readership, Western newspapers skipped reviews almost entirely, in favor of running long synopses of the works Sarah performed and lists of prominent personages who attended. "Sarah rises beyond criticism," a *Rocky Mountain News* reporter wrote after Sarah's 1891 engagement in Denver. "She is the greatest living tragedienne."

SOME of the more worldly-wise in the East faulted the West for their raves. They claimed they were the result of artistic ignorance, not of genuine appreciation. One night in Omaha, the story goes, Sarah had already been onstage for half an hour when suddenly a cowboy rode up to the box office on horseback and asked to be sold a seat. There was none left, he was told by the woman counting the evening's take. But when the drew his gun, she promptly ushered him in. When finally seated, he asked the person next to him, "So what does she do anyway? Dance or sing?"

The joke was poor but the West laughed it off and sat back to enjoy the show. A *Chronicle* reporter with tongue in cheek wrote this, for example, of Sarah's anticipated 1891 performance of La Tosca in San Francisco: "It took New York by storm. . . . So we simple folks of the West who thought her Theodora so remarkable will very likely be moved to greater enthusiasm by the performance which brought New Yorkers to their feet every night."

Besides, even if the West hadn't the most sophisticated audiences Sarah had ever played for, it did have some of the most imaginative, who showed their admiration dramatically, which is just the way Sarah must have liked it shown best. For example, in 1880, when Sarah's first U. S. tour took her only as far west as St. Joseph, Missouri, the California miners sent her—sight unseen—a vote of confidence by way of a handful of gold nuggets.

The climax of this affair between Sarah and the West took place in California in May 1906. As part of her so-called farewell tour of America (so-called because she would make three or four farewell tours in subsequent years), Sarah had been scheduled to play, as usual, in San Francisco. But since all of that city's playhouses had either been damaged or destroyed in the terrible earthquake that had lived and breathed fire there a few weeks prior, Sarah played on the campus of the University of California at Berkeley, and then donated the proceeds to the earthquake's victims.

The rugged hills and tall dark trees rose above the tiers of Greek-style stone seating and the classic white columns flanking the stage of Berkeley's amphitheatre that afternoon, as side by side two bold silken banners—the French tricolor and the University blue and gold—were unfurled. It was a majestic scene. But when the heavy green and gold curtains were lifted and Sarah appeared in a diaphanous costume onstage, the 8000 people in the audience were aware of one thing only: the presence of a great actress playing Racine's Phèdre.

During the final act, the sun sank low and when the heavy curtains fell, the place went wild. "The shouts of thousands tore the air, and handkerchiefs fluttered like myriad signals," wrote a reporter for *Current Literature*. "Again and again Sarah came back smiling and kissing her hands like the happy volatile child she will always be.

"They would not leave. Hundreds waited among the hills, packing close about the actress's carriage—and when she finally appeared—Sarah, not Phèdre now, in a shimmer of rose-glowing silk, her arms full of La France roses, the crowds burst into cheers cut sharply by University yells."

In New York some months later Sarah called it the greatest experience of her career, not only because it was, of course, a total dramatic experience, but because it had taken place in the West. "There was the beautiful California scenery, the wonderful blue sky they have out there, and for a background, the ruins left by the terrible earthquake. It was magnificent and I shall never, never forget it.

"We played in the stadium under the open sky with an absolutely correct Greek setting, amid the scent of flowers, before an audience of beautifully gowned women. It was sublime in its complete conception of beauty. And that great audience lost no part of the imaginative grandeur of the scene. . . . It was not necessary for them to understand the language. Art is the universal language; it is neither European nor American; it is in the soul or it is not."

Sarah in her special car outside Dallas.

Photo From Library of Congress Collection

POSSIBLY it was the attraction of opposites, this special pull between Sarah and the West. In many ways this woman contrasted sharply with the rugged West of that period. En route from New York through the Plains to small towns in Texas, Arizona, Utah and other points, Sarah would frequently faint or cry or get nervous or become exhausted or lose weight or catch colds; and in the most unpioneer-like manner, she would often complain.

She was also pampered and would indulge herself in every luxury. While men and women in the early West carefully saved for months to see the great actress, Sarah squandered her money on furs, jewels, and absurd pets, and was then reckless with them. Her alligator, stalked in Louisiana, quickly succumbed to its champagne diet. On a South American tour, she lost the brooch the Czar had given her. And one time she arrived

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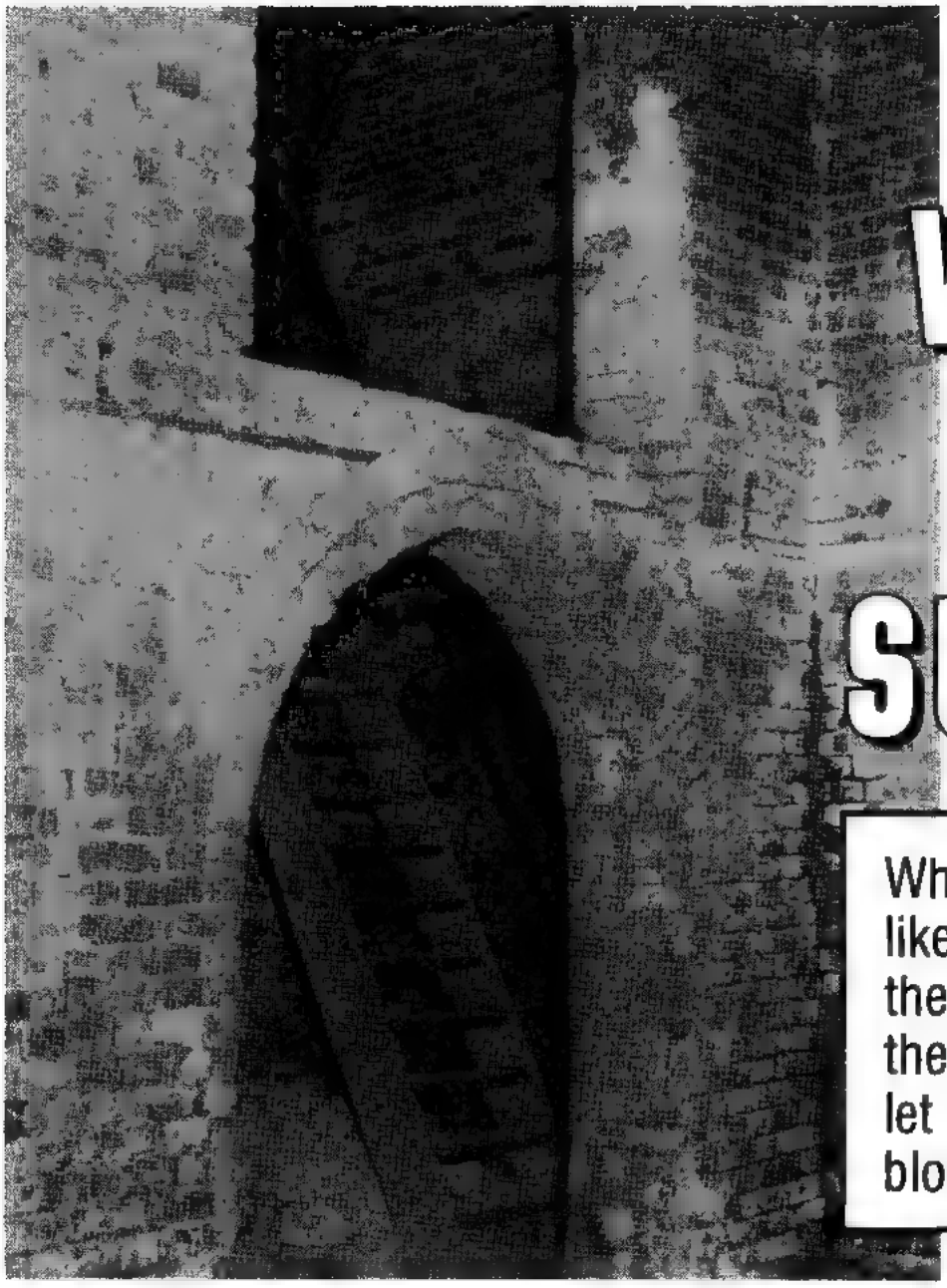
THE WEST'S FIRST SUBWAY



Two views of the tunnel in Eureka. Photo taken in 1960s.

Whoever devised it liked to stay warm in the winter and cool in the summer — man, let those whirlwinds blow!

BY JOHN MANTZ

Photos From Author
Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

A COMPLETE SUBWAY under a town in the West in 1880? Yes, there was. And strangely enough, the town wasn't the Lady of The Barbary Coast, San Francisco, nor was it her thriving sister of the Rockies, Denver. It was Eureka, Nevada.

Nestled in a narrow, steep canyon that splits the Diamond Mountains, the mining town in the '80s had a floating population of thousands. Today there are probably more people buried in the nine old graveyards than reside in the town below.

The site of one of Nevada's earliest silver discoveries, the mining district produced great wealth for twenty years. Then in 1890 the price of silver collapsed and so did the mines. One by one they closed down. People moved away to areas

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Getting in on a Big Bonanza

(Continued from page 14)

within 30 days. Stock certificate will be sent you by return mail. U.S. Tunnel, Mining, Milling, Drainage and Transportation Company of New York City, N.Y." How could one lose?

"Have a Dividend Dream!"

"We are after the big vein which should be encountered in the next hundred feet!"

"Those desiring stock at 15¢ should wire in their reservations at our expense."

"If you want quick profits, buy quick."

"Want to make money? Easiest way is to buy California mining stock."

"Gold mining with the gamble left out. Investment prudently made may be among the most secure and least liable to loss."

Advertising has changed little. The punch lines of the late 1800s and early 1900s closely resemble the come-on, hurry-up-and-buy tricks of today.

Even when the country's economy was reaching a low point in 1906-1907, the mining world couldn't believe that the clamor for mining stock had also taken a nose dive. The old miner in his stock-papered cabin expressed the belief that if there had been enough investors to keep mines operating and equipment purchases made, the economy would have straightened out and mining would still be the big thing in the West.

With all the worthless stock surrounding him there was an alibi for the failures; the few that had paid dividends had made up for all the others, as far as his faith in mining was concerned. He would like to see some good stock offered again, or the price of gold warrant his going back to work in his own diggings! (That was 1960 when gold was still $32 an ounce.)

Present-day collectors of mining memorabilia may never feel the fever of the big bonanza as they buy, sell, and trade mining stock, but they will undoubtedly fare better than the frenzied buyers of seventy-five or one-hundred years ago.

Actress and the Convicts

(Continued from page 26)

in New York with $35,000 worth of jewelry—including a necklace made of the miners' gift of gold nuggets—and casually draped her silk-lined Persian lamb cloak over some oily carts while she huffily waited for the jewels to be cleared through customs.

Further, on a train trip around the Plains and the Western States in 1905-6, she rode in her very own railroad car, "The Mayflower" (which she'd bought from heir Reginald Vanderbilt), and of 250 passenger trunks aboard, 57 were Sarah's. Then, when in Mankato, Kansas, engine trouble halted the train to which The Mayflower was attached, Sarah abandoned her steaming bath, ran up and down the tracks flailing her arms and insisting that the engine had been "hoodooed," and wouldn't get back in until the engine, although repaired, had been replaced.

As the West's wide-open spaces and rugged individualism epitomized all that was genuinely American, Sarah's frills and temperamental ways epitomized the gilded civilization of Europe. While the West had barely transgressed its frontier era, Sarah's homeland—old enough to have ruins—seemed to be into its dotage. And while those in the West struggled to grasp the amorphous American culture twisting and curving into shape all around them, Sarah had her deep-rooted European culture by the tail.

But these contrasts, these opposing forces, alone do not sufficiently explain the affinity between Sarah and the West; nor do they tell why Sarah would return there again and again, even when traveling was rough or accommodations less than regal; or why, in spite of the discomforts, Sarah would call her best experiences those she had out West.

That is because these contrasts take into account the West and Sarah the Celebrity, not Sarah the Actress, which is really Sarah Bernhardt in essence.

THE RELATIONSHIP between the West and the essential Sarah was not one of discord, but of harmony. When Sarah was onstage, or otherwise involved with her art, she did not clash with the West; rather she identified with it and embodied the best it had to offer—its character, its spirit, and its symbols.

She abandoned the frills and artificiality of the superstar's life she led offstage when, onstage, she strove to achieve natural beauty, a resource for which the West has become world famous and for which its people cherish it. "I have a great horror of shams on the stage," Sarah once wrote in an American magazine. "I never use spangles, tinsel, and cheap theatrical glitter—it offends my artistic sensibilities." And for the same reason, she, shocking a few people, added, "My freedom of movement, the lightness of my step, the suppleness of my body, I attribute to having definitely abandoned the corset, for the actress should wear nothing that is calculated to hamper and impede her movements."

Sarah Bernhardt as Phedre.

Photo From Library of Congress Collection

Further, she was as ingenius as any pioneer. When in 1906 the managers of nearly every theatre in the West made an agreement to boycott her, she got the better of them. It was economics that had led these managers to begin a boycott. As they told it, their patrons saved their money until The Bernhardt came to town; they preferred her to any other traveling shows that the theatres booked; but one night's take from The Bernhardt did not balance the losses from the poorly attended shows that preceded her or followed in her wake. So, by starting the boycott, the managers hoped to eliminate her effects on the market entirely. When Sarah discovered the managers' plan, however, she was furious and devised a counter-plan. She would carry her own theatre with her. She would perform "under canvas." She bought a 4,800-seat circus big top, which she called her "canvas temple," and moved it by train from town to town.

Ironically, this imaginative stunt and the clever way in which Sarah had outsmarted the syndicate created intense publicity for the tour. "She never made so much money," wrote one of her biographers, Louis Verneuil. "In cities like Austin, Salt Lake City, Houston, and Dallas, the receipts were as high as eight and nine thousand dollars a performance. From the depths of the country, from the most distant ranches, thousands of people traveled for two or three days to see her."

This was the same tent under which Sarah staged another benefit performance in Chicago for the San Francisco earthquake victims after she left Berkeley. And when that was over, she shipped the tent to San Francisco itself, where it was erected on the site of the destroyed Central Theatre in the heart of the burned-out district, so that those left to rebuild the city could escape once in awhile and watch a little drama. It opened on June 30, 1906 for the city's first real dramatic performance since the April disaster.

"It is a weird sight," wrote one newspaperman, "to see, after the play is over, the throng of playgoers come pushing through the brilliantly lighted entrance to the tent theatre out into the waste and debris and ashes where there was once the great Market Street."

So one ingenius idea of Sarah's spawned others. But more than ingenuity or natural beauty or a volatile nature, Sarah shared another quality with the West's rugged individuals: her persistence, her indefatigability. Even after she'd had one of her legs amputated in 1915, she continued to tour. Indeed, her longest and most strenuous tour of the U. S. began a year later; and during it 73-year-old Sarah played opposite a leading man who was the *son* of the actor who had supported her on her first trip to the U. S. 36 years before. In April 1917, still on tour, Sarah had to have an emergency operation at New York City's Mount Sinai Hospital, but after she recuperated, she began her tour again.

Her motto, "*Quand Même*," means "In spite of everything."

LICENSE ... PROHIBITED

ONE WINDOW AND A DOOR

It wasn't much of a start — except that if you had a window you could always look out and hope; and if you had a door you could always lock it and cry...

BY MARY HAGEN

Photos Courtesy Author

SPRING arrived bitter-fresh on the high plains of North Dakota. The vast rolling prairies so recently brown with herds of buffalo were now empty. The meadowlarks sang as they always sang in the springtime but it was a lonely song in a lonely land.

As the prairie grasses greened, new life began to appear near the watering holes of the buffalo or along the tiny spring-fed creeks—men and horses plowing the rich soil. They were big rugged men filled with determination. Among them was a girl.

Marie Thompson in 1905 was twenty-one years old and single. She had the characteristics necessary for homesteading. To stake out a claim and prove up on it was a challenge. In spite of protests from her widowed mother, the petite, blond, blue-eyed, five-foot Marie packed her belongings and headed for a last frontier.

Her first destination after leaving her home in Crookston, Minnesota was Williston, North Dakota. On the train she befriended a young woman with several children and through her met her future husband, Dr. Carl Rollefson. He was at

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Right: Marie and her husband, Dr. Carl Rollefson. Below: Marie's homestead shack later became the first school in Fortuna, North Dakota. The people are unidentified.

A Blowed-up Scissorbill

(Continued from page 3)

streak—actually acting perfectly obnoxious. Finally, Blackie walked up to him, shoved his face within three inches of Doc's nose, squinched his left eye nearly closed and asked, "You married?"

"Me married?" Doc almost shouted. "Of course I am—been married thirty years!"

Blackie shook his head slightly and said in a low, even tone, "Your wife sure musta wanted to go to a weddin'!"

AS always, I am getting long-winded, but I've got to include something that happened the other day. My friend H. C. Carter is a big dude in the Texas Longhorn Cattle Raisers Association and has some of the prettiest Longhorns I've ever seen. We got together on a lease proposition for my dab of ranchland up Dripping Springs way and he walked into my office a few days later, handed me the following contract with the statement, "Read every word of it!" It reads like this:

"WHEREAS H. C. Carter, herein referred to as the GRAZEE, has more old Longhorns than he has grass and whereas Joe Small, herein referred to as the GRAZOR, has more grass than he has Longhorns, the GRAZEE has generously consented to allow his colorful cattle to graze down the grass on that ranch consisting of several acres, on Mt. Gaynor Road owned by the GRAZOR.

"To show his appreciation of this kind act by the bouffant bovine philosopher H. C. Carter, the conniving learned sage Joe Small is charging him one dollar plus per year.

"However, to soothe the bleeding wound of this greedy act the GRAZOR has charitably agreed to only one stipulation and/or provision and that is as follows:

"If ever the GRAZOR is upset with the GRAZEE for overgrazing, undergrazing, fishing in his tank, not fishing in his tank, and/or if the GRAZOR ever feels the cattle might be looking at him in a sarcastic manner, he retains the right to kick the GRAZEE'S hunkus off the ranch by giving the GRAZEE one hour notice or opening the gate and turning his lovable Longhorns out, whichever occurs first.

"In the event there is a disagreement as to the terms of this lease both parties herein agree to appoint Joe Small as final arbitrator.

"In WITNESS WHEREOF, the parties hereto have caused their presents to be signed this 20 day of May, 1977. By: H. C. Carter, GRAZEE By: J. A. Small, GRAZOR."

Of course, I was delighted. That dadblamed friend of mine had out-horsetailed old Hosstail. H. C. told me that he'd paid so much to lawyers lately who took two legal-size sheets to explain something that should be told in a simple, short paragraph that he decided to write his own contract. Besides, he remarked, it is just as legal as a ten-page Philadelphia lawyer's contract and the main part of any written agreement is for both parties to be satisfied.

That's enough for this time. So long; see you later!—Hosstail.

STAMPEDE!

It's a good trick if you can pull it—not getting trampled by the complexities of modern-day publishing!

You folks have done a great job on our "Pull 'Em Out" campaign. Now, if you'll help on another that should be no extra trouble to you, it would sure help tail this old bull out of a bog. It's simple when you get right down to it, but sort of hard to explain.

We are having to depend more on advertising as inflation bites deeper—but don't worry, we'll never flood you. Now—some of our best accounts say they are not getting results like they used to get. We think we know why.

There is a "key" in the address of almost all companies who advertise in magazines. This key tells them which magazine is responsible for an order or inquiry. It even tells them *which issue* produced the response. When the company later compiles a mailing list for its brochures or catalogs, all buyers are lumped together; that is, names of people who responded to ads in our magazines are mixed with those who responded from other magazines and there's no way for us to get credit for the business you give them through direct mail even though we may be responsible for your being on their mailing list.

Now, we're not asking you not to order from catalogs or brochures sent out by our advertisers—far from it, we want them to thrive!—but it would help so much if when *addressing* your order or letter you would use the *keyed address* in the current or last issue of whichever of our magazines their ad appears. The advertiser would then know you're a Western Publications reader.

This helps us and them too—they want to know which magazines are bringing in the business or even inquiries. *"This helps us"* is putting it mildly! It helps like maybe keeping us in business for another twenty-four years!

Thanks, folks—and much obliged besides!—Hosstail.

Friendship in Drought

(Continued from page 11)

get to the well with my sheep for two reasons. Tom had sheep around there part of the time and the flocks would mix. Besides it was too far to drive them there and back to grass each day. I had to arrange to get water to the sheep.

I had two troughs made, sixteen feet long set low enough for the sheep to drink. I hired a man to haul the troughs to the site I had designated for the watering place, and to move the sheep camp close by. I had a galvanized tank made that would hold nearly 300 gallons of water and was a size that would fit into the bed of a wagon. I put the tank into my own wagon and made ready to haul the water.

Everything turned out easier and better than I had thought. My watering place was no more than three miles from the well, and I could make three trips a day—four trips if necessary. Charlie had little trouble hazing the cattle to and from the well once they knew the location of the water. I camped most of the time with the herder who was an excellent cook, provided one liked Mexican-style food. I brought my saddle horse down to the camp and hobbled him out each night with the work team. I used the saddle horse very little except to ride over to the well now and then at night, just to see if everything was going all right.

For two weeks everything went fine. It was more like a lark than a desperate situation. But when we slipped into the third week, everybody started to worry. By the fourth week our worries became almost a panic for we were wondering when—if ever—we would get a rain. While Tom never complained, I knew he was anxious to be rid of us. For a month I watched large thunderhead clouds form, hoping they would gather into a rain. Instead they floated to the north and dissolved in the evening heat.

For thirty-one days the drought lasted. For thirty-one days and nights that faithful little gas engine kept put-putting away. I was getting mighty tired of having to harness that team up every day and make the regular three or four round-trips to that well. What seemed like a lark at first turned into a drudge. It looked like the dry spell would never end.

ON THE NIGHT of August 31, as darkness fell, I saw dim flashes of lightning far to the north. They came closer, and within two hours flashes were darting back and forth across the entire horizon. By midnight the first raindrops came riding in on a breath of cool air. Then it turned into a steady downpour. While watching those large thunderheads during the previous two or three weeks, I didn't know they were storing great

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Young range bulls in Texas.

Frank Reeves Photo Courtesy The Cattleman

REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ludwig and Frieda Fischer drove 20 miles to Topeka, Kansas, to have their photo taken.

Not many people sit around motorboats and tell old-time stories— but if they did they might recall that the waters of Perry Dam hold

THE LEGACY OF LUDWIG FISCHER

BY EILEEN CHARBO

Photos Courtesy Author

LUDWIG FISCHER was born in Wurttemberg State, Germany June 6, 1827. He would die 70 years later, 4,000 miles away, in his big stone house built in the beautiful timbered Kansas valley now under the Perry Dam site. All traces of his labors have disappeared, wiped out by the $41 million flood control-recreation project started in the early 1960s.

The rugged, square-built German never learned to use English with any fluency. His children would read the papers to him. German was spoken in the home up to the death of his widow in 1929. Lud made his mark on his community and left a farm for each of his seven sons and daughters.

As a youth, he was exempt from German military service as sole support of a widowed mother with three younger children. Lud worked at the building trade and, with his mother, managed the family affairs well. After gold field news had spread across the Atlantic, he longed to go, but stayed with his commitment.

Only when the youngest brother had finished gymnasium school and was established as an apprentice, and the others were working and able to care for the house, did Ludwig take his mother's blessing and set out on a 42-day trip across the ocean. It was the early spring of 1854. He was rosy cheeked, with fine crinkly taffy-colored hair. He would look forever boyish. The great sheds along the docks of the New York Harbor shocked him with the activity, the rush, the moving throngs and goods. He would tell his children later the chatter sounded like the squalling of geese being plucked.

His tiny hoard of money sewn into his shirtfront would not last, he knew. He heard from another German working along the docks, of the newly opened Kansas Territory where land awaited the taker. He headed for Kansas, wherever that was. Strong and neat, Ludwig worked on a riverboat crossing New York State. Racking bundles neatly, he got so much baggage in the room the captain tried to hire him permanently, but Lud took the first wagon he found moving west. He carpentered on wagons and

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Ludwig donated an acre of land for the Liberty Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

CAVE VALLEY

BY WILLIAM RAKOCY

Illustrations By Author

GREAT cultural and historic traditions exist in the El Paso-Juarez area, yet little has been done to record, catalog or display its important artifacts and memorabilia. Progress has been made in the past few years to fill this void yet, literally, the surface has only been scratched.

The Cavalry Museum of El Paso was constructed and outfitted in 1972, in part from a $300,000 gift by Fred Hervey, who was then mayor of the city. A sister museum is being readied—the Wilderness Park Museum perched on the eastern slopes of the Franklin Mountains on Transmountain Road. The latter will deal with Southwestern archaeology as it relates to early Indian cultures in the tri-state area and in northern Mexico.

Museums normally are costly to construct. For example, the new Petroleum Permian Basin Museum in Midland, Texas spent over $200,000 for one simulated underwater diorama. The Wilderness Park Museum does not have such display monies with which to work, but a group of artists, volunteers and others have banded together to aid the cause. The El Paso Museum art staff and the El Paso Archaeological Society have acted as professional cadrés in installing dioramas and displays.

A trip to Cave Valley, Mexico was necessary to gather information for a 75′ walk-in cave diorama. Instructions from Museum Director Sipiora were clear: "Proceed to Cave Valley near the Casas Grandes ruins to gather data for a pueblo replica being constructed at Wilderness Park Museum in El Paso, Texas." Participants in the trip were Gerald Fitzgerald, movie set builder; Bert Saldana, artist and set painter; and myself, museum curator.

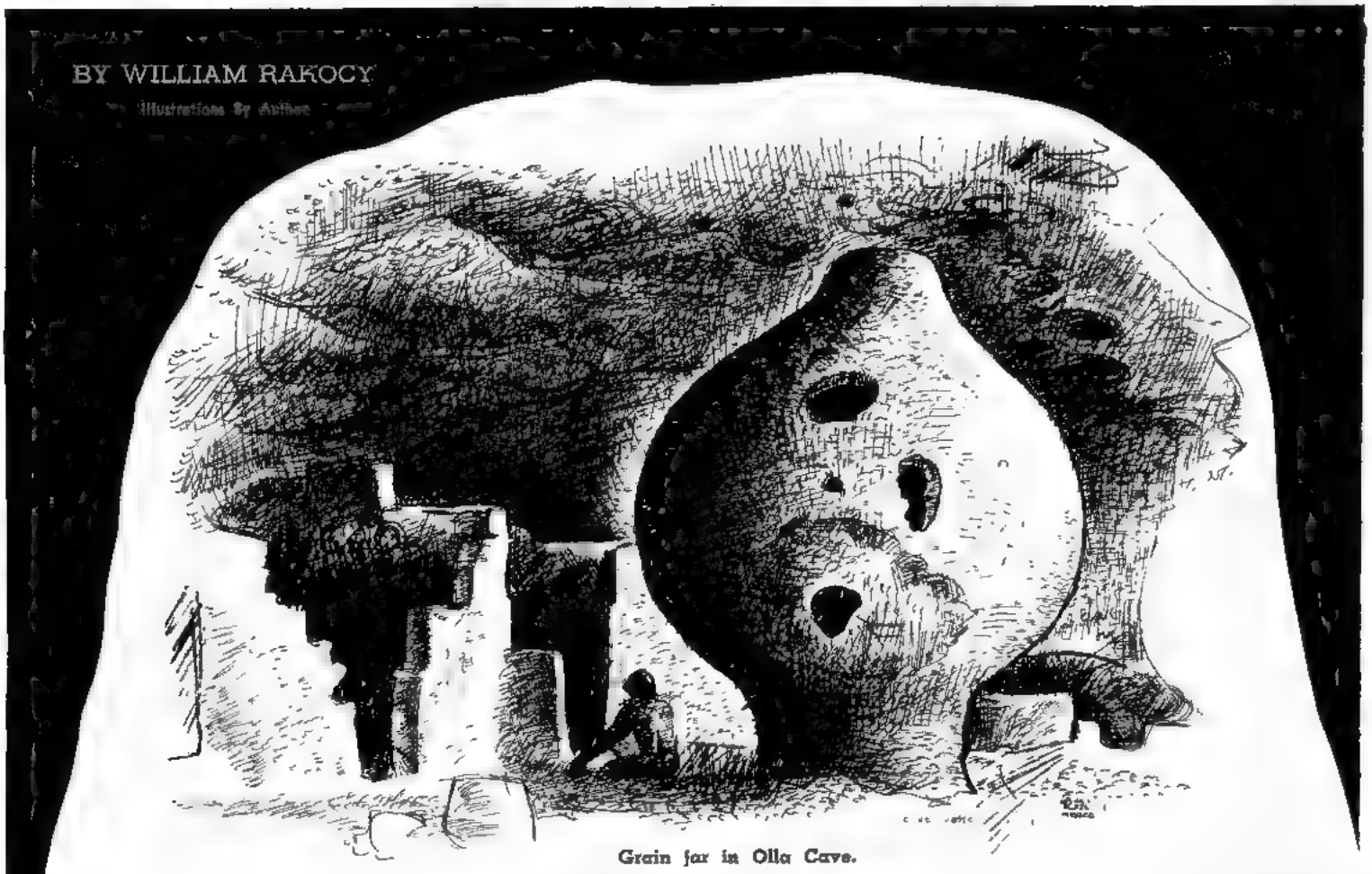
Specifically, our job was to construct a 50′ by 13′ Indian cave pueblo designed in Hollywood fashion, decorated by artists and curators and authenticated and guided by the director and El Paso archaeologists.

AFTER preliminary preparations we set out upon our fact-finding trip to Casas Grandes, Mexico. After three hours of driving, we arrived in the main village. The old pueblo (Paqueme, the little "casas" village complete with church, movie house, and park plaza) and the new city contained upwards of 35,000 people.

We found a great friend in Mr. Piñon, manager of the largest motel there, who helped us in many ways. He introduced us to a possible guide for the cave visit. The part-time mechanic he introduced us to informed us that he was so busy with auto repairs and other work that he could not be our guide. We were disappointed, but another man there said he might be able to help. Bert Saldana, who speaks Spanish, talked to him about guiding us, and Leopoldo agreed to do so.

The arrangement turned out to be the best possible solution to our problem. All that Leopoldo, who's a history teacher, wanted in return was a copy of the data we gathered.

We were advised by Mr. Piñon to start our trip to the cave at six a.m. That meant getting up at five—which was not too difficult to do since the motel guests next door made noise and commotion beyond reason. We were only half rested,



Grain jar in Olla Cave.

but happy to get underway.

Leopoldo arrived on time and it was still dark outdoors. I was not too happy about taking to strange trails in the dark, yet it was a 25-mile trip to the big foothills beyond Colonia Juarez.

Streaks of daylight punched the sky as we left the surfaced road and proceeded on little more than a trail. We were told that three to four hours were needed to travel to the caves, yet the distance is only 15 minutes by plane or helicopter. Ten to twenty miles per hour would be standard fare, we learned. As we drove south along a small river, we were forced at times to drive across irrigation ditches, through creeks and deep chuckholes of water. After we left the flatlands and moved into the rolling foothills, the earth was hard-packed, slightly grassy and rusty dark brown in color. Small stones and boulders were hints of bigger and better things to come. We soon moved over a rock-covered trail that shook the van like a cat does a rat. We shook, we rattled and rolled, but the van continued climbing. By now the scrub brush had changed to grey-green gnarled oaks. We marveled at the people who had to drive this road daily. We soon met one of them—in fact, two great lumber trucks, five tons loaded, blocked our way. We backed up, they squeaked past, low gears churning and whining downhill.

AS we went higher the rocks became house-sized. Oak trees became pine trees on the peaks and western slopes. Leopoldo told us that he makes the trip now and then in a beat-up 1959 Ford. He also informed us that five people had gone off the brink of this road with only one girl surviving. Some of the people were kin to him. In Spanish, he spoke of the sweet death they had, as all had recently purchased sugar. We were shocked at his grisly humor.

Down the great mountain we went, making better speed but shaking and vibrating more than ever. Valley of the Caves is approximately 80 kilometers from Nuevo Casas Grandes. Paqueme Ruins. The vast puebloan trading center located at Old Casas Grandes, is approximately 70 kilometers distant.

At last we saw a large dark river, the Casas Grandes. We now were in big pine country. Over a rise we sighted a clean pleasant village, all houses having steep roofs, shingle covered. This village is where our guide, Leopoldo Zaragoz, was born. He directed us to a full operational lumber camp, buzz saws singing. Workmen busied themselves slicing fresh pine logs. Men stacked yellow lumber on big flatbed trucks. Leopoldo gave hearty embraces to a few of the men, one of them his brother. After a short stay for courtesies and small talk, we proceeded to Cave Valley.

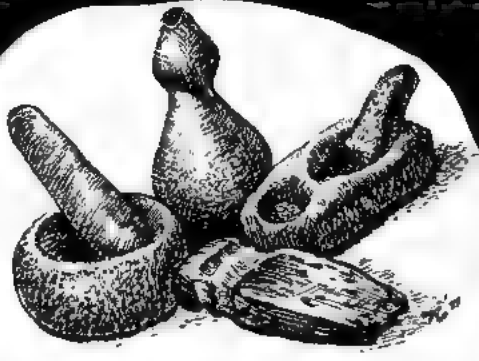
In the narrow valley formed by the Rio Piedras Verdes which flows into the Rio Casas Grandes there are many very rich but rather small plots where corn reaches heights of 8′ to 10′. Enclosing the valley are rugged cliffs in which are located the many caves and rock shelters which give the valley its name.

We parked the yellow van in front of Leopoldo's aunt's house where a cattle guard fence was opened. Then we entered amid clatter and drove a short distance to a great stony creek bed—the arroyo

RUINS

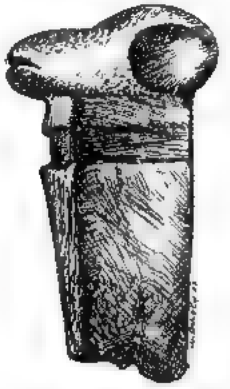
Fifteen minutes by air, four hours by road, eons by count of ghostly generations, is a looted pueblo that may live again someday in a new kind of wilderness...

Mummified Indian found under hard pan floor in Cave Valley.

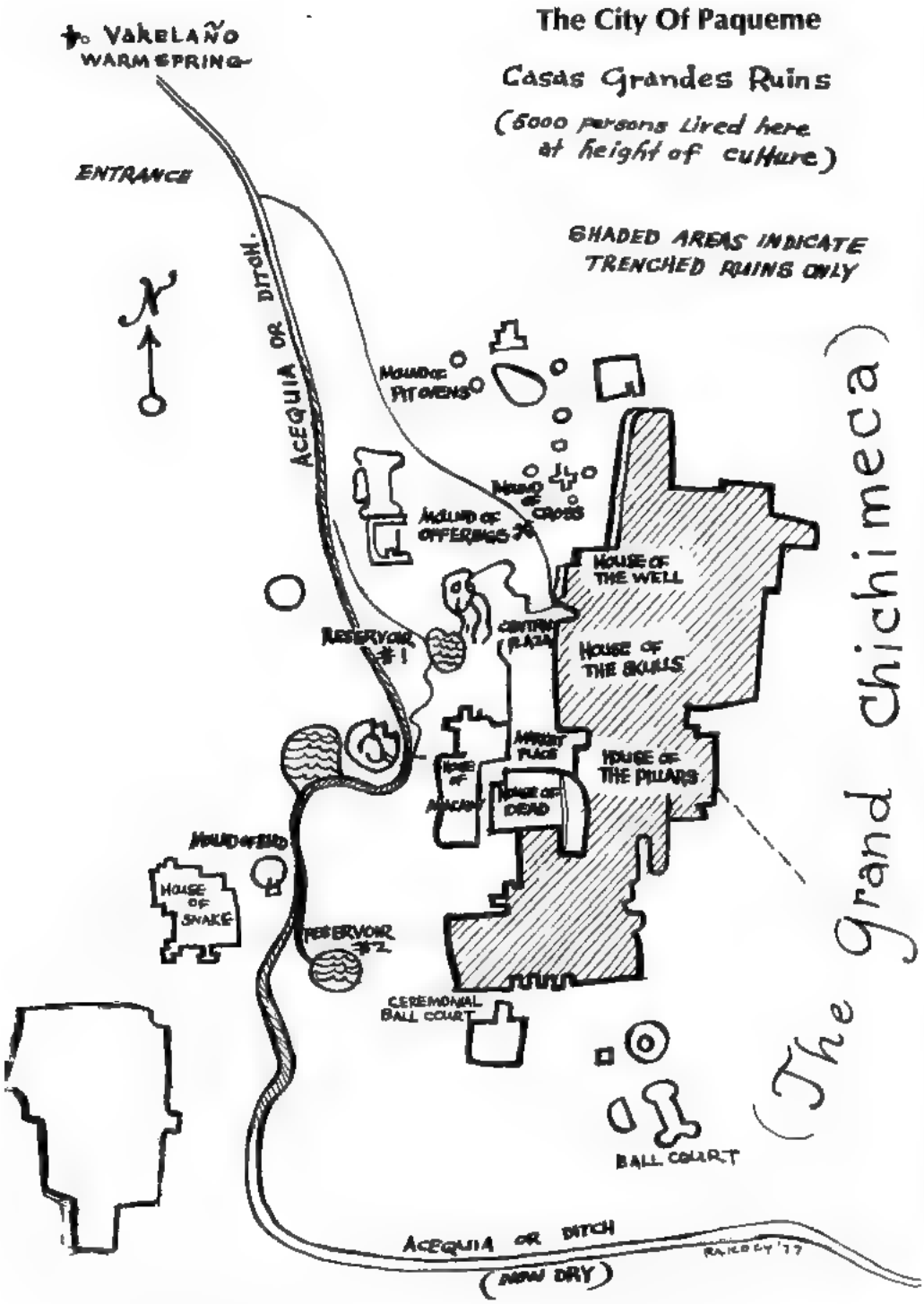


Ancient Indian artifacts found in Cave Valley area about 1890 by Mormons and C. Lumholtz, scientist and explorer.

Casas Grandes female effigy jar, a rare and valuable art work.



Ceremonial hatchet from the great city of Paqueme.



Casa Blanca. The van could not pass this. Four-wheel drive would be needed from here on, or hiking.

We loaded up our sketch gear and food and set off on a spirited walk down the creek. There were many unusual plants and wild flowers, wild grapes, choke cherries, and rare poison ivy. At times we glided over beds of pine needles as a fresh breeze switched the tall trees.

This creek turned into a larger river, the Piedras Verdes, fast-flowing, clear, and cool. We passed through 8′ brush, weeds, and scattered corn.

Our limited time permitted observation of only three caves. For purposes of identification we named No. 1, Olla Cave; No. 2, Corral Cave; and No. 3, Slab Cave.

At Olla Cave we took time to make floor plans of the structures, both those still standing and those that have fallen. Many of the fallen walls are the result of vandalism. Why pot hunters would deliberately knock the walls down is a mystery. In some instances the walls may have fallen as a result of undercutting of the foundation by pot hunters.

Corral Cave, though on the same side of the river as Olla Cave, has been vandalized far less. We found only two pot holes there. One fairly deep pot hole was located in the trash midden. This may have been a test pit put there by archaeologists to determine the depth of deposit, for most experienced pot hunters would hardly be interested in a trash midden as they can expect to find little of commercial value there.

The only other pot hole at Corral Cave could also have been the result of archaeological investigation, for the cave as a whole has been disturbed very little. Most walls are intact. This may be the result of the fact that Corral Cave is well-hidden from view; in fact, it cannot be seen until you are practically on top of it. The cave is well worth preservation.

The other cave visited, which we also called Pictograph Cave (there are several paintings on the walls of the cave) has been badly damaged by natural causes. This cave had house structures, but only two small remnants of walls are now visible. Most of the cave floor is covered by massive spalls. According to our guide, many of the other caves in the valley had been looted.

OLLA CAVE (named for a grain jar) lies along a great stone canyon bluff rounded and stained from wind and rain. The texture and colors contrasted with the deep greens of the flatland. Browns, tans, grays, and spots of coffee and pink colors were splashed upon these huge rock walls. To get there we walked upward over sculptured stones, acres in size. Deep gray-greens accented the warm colored rocks. We first spotted the cave when Leopoldo made an exclamation, "Aya," and there it was, like a movie setting in these wild surroundings.

A cave vista appeared—framed by trees and rock wall. The dark interior outlined a single clay olla, pale buff in color. The grain jar stood like a statue. Behind it appeared small rooms with a few keyhole doorways. The pueblo was modest in size, but it was interesting and beautiful. We bounded into the cave, a rather deep one on the right and left. At once we were saddened at the damage done to this historic site.

The Olla is a relatively small cave in comparison to other cliff dwelling sites elsewhere in the Southwest, but its distinguishing feature is the huge granary best described as an olla (jar) in shape. At the widest point it is 8′ 11″ in diameter. The height of the olla is approximately 16′. The thickness of the walls varies from a little more than 6″ to 8″. The method of building was unique. A very fine clay was used which was puddled with pine needles to make walls which hardened to the consistency of cement. At the bottom of the olla is an 11″ x 16″ opening. The opening at the top is 22″ in diameter. Evidently the grain was stored through the top opening which was in turn covered to keep out varmints, and then corn was removed from the botton opening as it was needed.

About two-thirds of the way to the top were several red hand prints. Our conjecture is that these were the signatures of the women who constructed this beautiful granary. Some of the prints have almost disappeared with time.

Another feature of the Olla Cave is the pictographs on three of the house walls.

(Continued on page 36)

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Friendship in Drought

(Continued from page 30)

volumes of moisture to be turned into rain by a cold wave from the north.

All during the night it rained. At daylight I saddled my horse and rode out to look around. Every creek and draw was running and our reservoir tanks were overflowing. The clouds broke away after sunrise and Charlie Molloy showed up at camp soon thereafter. Our first job was to gather any cattle that had strayed away into Tom's pasture and put the fence back in shape. Then we rode down to make our peace with Tom Benge.

Tom had been out looking things over and had just returned to the ranch. After the customary preliminary conversation which was mostly about the rain, Charlie told him we had come to pay up what we owed him and for him to name his price. Before he could reply, Mrs. Benge called us to dinner. It was an excellent meal which she and the Mexican girl, helping in the kitchen, had prepared.

When we returned to the main room with our coffee and cigarettes, Tom said to us, "You mentioned something about pay?"

"Yes," I replied. "We know we've put you out a great deal and the water was a life-saver to us. We would like to square ourselves as far as possible."

Tom just laughed. "What good is it to have a friend—if he can't help another out a little now and then?" Then, in a more serious tone, he said, "I don't want to hear anything more about pay."

That was the end of it. All we could do was to thank him—even if he did try to stop us. And we gave him the gasoline engine whether he wanted it or not. We just left it there.

A few years after I left Texas, a mutual friend informed me by letter that Tom had a great deal of trouble before his death. That has no bearing on the above.

All I can say is that Tom Benge, a man I had known for many years, was a friend indeed in time of need.

One Window and a Door

(Continued from page 29)

the station in Williston to meet his sister, the woman with the children.

Marie spent a short time in Williston working as a clerk in a general store while deciding on a claim. Fortunately, she was able to purchase a relinquishment for $50 that was three miles from the Canadian border and nine miles from the Montana border. It was a mile strip, a long narrow claim with a lake on one end. After purchasing the relinquishment, Marie picked out lumber and had a 10′ x 12′ shack built on the land as part of her improvement. After a well was dug, she moved into her new home.

"It was a good shack, with a wooden floor, one window, and a door," Marie recalls. Her furniture consisted of a fold-up bed, a sewing machine, a table, three or four chairs, a shack stove, and a few wooden boxes. Shelves were built along one wall.

Not long after she was settled, two homesteaders opened up a general store one half mile from her. It was the first building in what was to become Fortuna, North Dakota. Because winter was setting in and Marie could not plow or plant her 160 acres, she hired out for a dollar a day to run the general store. It was called Kissock and Smith after the owners. At the end of each day Marie walked from the store to her shack with the day's receipts. "There was very little paper money. It was all silver," Marie says.

Although the money was kept in her shack from week to week, Marie was never too concerned about being robbed. "I might not have slept as soundly as I would have without the money, but I don't recall that people were fearful of being robbed or molested."

Barter was the usual means of acquiring necessities. Because Marie had the only sewing machine for miles around, she sewed in exchange for butter, eggs, milk and wild meat. Game was plentiful. Deer and antelope grazed in the shoulder-high grasses, and game birds and waterfowl were abundant. "Of course, money was essential for some things but not in the way it is today," Marie says.

Each Sunday morning a neighbor, Benjamin B. Babcock who was a Methodist minister, drove to Ambrose, North Dakota, to preach. He took the company money from Marie with him and banked it for the owners. On Monday he returned with supplies.

Kissock and Smith's customers were the settlers, and the cowboys who came through on cattle drives from Montana on the way to Crosby and the railroad. They stopped for tobacco, candy, and clothes. Occasionally some of the young men left the flour they purchased with Marie. She baked bread, to be picked up on their return, in exchange for some of the flour. Today Marie can't remember prices on all of the items the store carried, but high-buttoned or high-laced shoes for ladies cost $2.50 a pair.

THE WEATHER was extremely severe her first winter, and some days Marie could not walk to the store to open it. Snow piled up to depths of four feet on the level. Most shacks were nearly covered by drifting snow. On one homestead a pole shed, chinked with hay, mud, and straw, was completely covered for several months. Three pigs, trapped inside, lived off the chinking and came out fat and healthy when the snow melted.

Lignite coal was hauled to the homesteaders by a settler who mined it twelve miles from Fortuna. Since everything was delivered to the store in wooden boxes, Marie always had adequate fire starter. Before retiring in the evening she banked the coal in her stove. In the morning there were hot coals to start a new fire for the day. By early morning, however, her shack was extremely cold with ice formed in the water bucket.

During one blizzard a young man fell or was thrown from his horse. He made it to a deserted shack and was able to build a fire and stay alive until found two days later, although he had no food. His wrist was broken and neighbors applied "arnica," a type of salve, and wrapped the wrist with tape. Marie says, "People didn't call a doctor unless something was seriously wrong." When the young doctor, Carl Rollefson, did have to be called, he always stopped to see Marie and a romance flourished.

Most of the homesteaders did not have horses or wagons. Transportationn was on foot. Two of Marie's friends were young women from Canada who had homesteads on the border. Parties were frequent. Dances and whist were favorite pastimes winter and summer. The dances were held in the shack of a homesteader who had three rooms. "He had built the biggest and best place around and had room for us. We usually danced to one fiddle all night. In good weather we walked. In bad someone who had a wagon might pick us up," Marie says.

During the summer, picnics were frequent. Someone would decide to have a "round-up" and travel around the homesteads gathering people for a picnic at the lake near Marie's shack. It could be any day of the week. "Time was of no importance," Marie recalls. "Mosquitoes were awful, but we built smudges and had a good time."

Spring and fall were uneasy seasons for the settlers in the high grass country. Before the grass turned green in the spring and after it cured in the fall, prairie fires were a constant threat. Firebreaks were ploughed around the shacks. Those who had horses often stored barrels of water in wagons to use in case of fire.

"First thing in the morning, we would smell the air and look for smoke," Marie remembers. "If the air was fresh and clear we breathed a sigh of relief and did our chores. If not, we gathered to fight fires."

Marie recalled one bad fire where the women passed buckets of water from wells all day to men who battled to save three homesteads. When the grass fire appeared completely out of control, it was decided that the children would be lowered into the wells to save them. Fortunately, the fire subsided before that final step had to be taken. Marie and everyone else were hot, tired, and black from ash and soot at the end of the day but proud of themselves for saving the buildings.

When spring arrived, Marie hired a neighbor to plow the ten acres necessary to prove her claim. After the plowing she planted flax. Many homesteaders with no money to pay to have the plowing done, picked up stones and dug the land by hand. The soil was rich and the summer ideal for growing. In the fall, Marie harvested ninety bushels of flax worth one dollar a bushel.

THAT FALL Marie and her two Canadian friends, Eliza Martin and Martha Jones, hired a Mr. DeWitt to drive them sixty miles to Williston to file their claims. DeWitt owned a large horse ranch in the vicinity. He and his wife could neither read nor write but he made a large amount of money selling horses. Whenever he needed someone to read

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contracts and records for him in Williston, he took Marie. After she read and approved the papers, he signed with an "x". On this trip he went along to act as one of the witnesses for the three women.

It was a happy, laughing, carefree ride with an overnight stop at Half-Way House. Marie, Eliza, and Martha paid fifty cents each for a room they shared. Mr. DeWitt slept in a large room on the floor with several other men. The next day they reached Williston and the following day, filed their claims. Williston was a busy place according to Marie. The women enjoyed walking up and down the streets, looking at the shops, and eating in a restaurant.

On the way home DeWitt dropped a rein while attempting to take snuff. The horses started running, but DeWitt hung onto the one rein, forcing the horses to travel in a circle. Eliza jumped off the wagon, took her hat off, and ran in front of the horses. She waved her hat in the faces of the horses and they stopped. After the rein was retrieved, they continued to Half-Way House. That night Martha went into convulsions, a thing she had kept secret from all but Marie and Eliza. The excitement had been too much for her.

Not long after the claim was filed, Marie married Dr. Rollefson and moved to Ambrose. She leased her shack to be used as the first school in the area. Later that following spring she sold her claim for $3,500, a source of pride to her to this day. It was a good return on her total investment of an estimated $200.

Her pioneering did not end with marriage. The couple set up housekeeping in Dr. Rollefson's two-room cabin on his homestead in Ambrose. Marie recalls worrying about her husband while he was out traveling the wild rural country, often in blizzards. Sometimes Marie accompanied him to help with a delivery which cost $25. Often there were no blankets to wrap a newborn baby. Petticoats or towels were substituted.

Marie says, "Life may have been hard, but we were young and didn't notice. True we had our adversities but the land was good and the times were happy."

From Ambrose the couple moved to Crosby, North Dakota. When Dr. Rollefson retired the family moved to Fort Collins, Colorado. Today Marie Rollefson lives there with her daughter Eunice. The only other child, a son, died in January of this year.

Cave Valley Ruins

(Continued from page 34)

Some are too dim to copy with reasonable accuracy, but others are still quite distinct. They are quite different from the pictographs in Cave #3, both in design and color. There paintings occur in a specific area on the north and west walls on the right as you enter the cave.

We busied ourselves in looking, walking about and making notes and sketches. Gerry made observations such as "Notice the blackened ceiling, you can see how the walls joined there. Look at the many coats of adobe paint on the wall, ten at least. See the faint pictography murals on the largest rooms?"

Our guide told us that, as a child, he used to stand on the second floor of some of these rooms and play. Now only single walls remain and no roofs.

I made a floor plan drawing, hoping to use it in our Wilderness Park display. A large 6' or 8' natural pillar thrust forth to the left of the cave. A mound of rubble to the left of it indicated rooms long since leveled. Much evidence of amateur damage and diggings was apparent. One large section of wall in the center right was tumbled about. This portion could be restored with little trouble since some of the wall chunks were wheelbarrow sized. Every day lost, however, will make it that much more difficult to restore.

CORRAL CAVE is located on the same side of the Rio Piedras Verdes about one-third mile from Olla Cave as the crow flies. Its house structures are pretty much intact. A small cave, every inch of it was utilized. Remnants of what we think might have been another olla were found in the trash midden near the entrance.

One structure in Corral Cave may well have been some sort of ceremonial room. It is located in the farthest corner. A beautifully made raised platform occupied a corner. Rounded on the front side, it was built into the walls of the cave on the back side. The platform was 11' in diameter at its widest point. Most of the other rooms were quite small, ranging in size from 6' 6" by 7' 4" to the largest, which was 8' 5" by 9' 1".

In the pueblo room wall construction a kind of puddling method was used throughout. Sections 2' or 3' in length could be outlined. The Indian builders did a poor job on constructing corners, however; large splits could be seen as wall separated from wall. Yet one must respect their efforts since most of the buildings are over 600 years old.

Corral Cave extended into solid rock 50' or 100', with six or eight large rooms. One room on the left was rounded.

Deep ashes were strewn near the entrance. Many fires were needed to have created such a large ash pile. One thousand-pound boulders were rolled to the door of the cave to create a dam for the ashes. Since the cave was so deep and the dwellings back in the dark so far, it was a problem to do much observing. We made a few pine torches with which to see. I noted 20" or 30" pale orange lines on the back wall to the extreme left. These were very dim but looked man-made. Ages of black soot had dulled them but blacklight or the infrared camera might expose them for what they are.

Areas in the floor told of pot diggers. Many pot sherds and discarded grinding stones or broken manos and metates were lying about. The best ones have long since been added to private collections or museums in Mexico and the U.S.A.

Author's rendition of wall paintings from Slab Cave in Cave Valley.

CROSSING the valley and once in Slab Cave, we found the only distinguishing feature of Cave #3 were the pictographs high on the walls and the huge spalls which had fallen from the roof. These spalls have obliterated all but two small sections of what had been house structures and these segments have in turn been covered with debris.

Pot sherds are numerous in all three caves, but time did not permit a careful scrutiny of them. Most, as might be expected, seemed to be a plain ware. Some were definitely painted. All seemed to be well made.

At a point midway between Olla Cave and Corral Cave there is a mound. The abundance of pot sherds that covered this mound might be an indication that it was occupied by either a pit house village or a small pueblo. A lush growth of corn and squash covered the mound at the time we were there.

While in Slab Cave we noted some evidence of pot and artifact looters. One section of roof much larger than the fallen one is showing signs of pulling away soon. When it falls, it will cover most of the diggable floor space. We noted trenching on the right of the cave, covering an area of 100 square feet.

To the extreme right of Slab Cave, high over rounded boulders, are ten or twelve pale yellow pictographs. We did sketches of these. They appeared to be hundreds of years old, judging from the faded paint. The style of rock art seems to be that of a single person. The design stemmed from a cube or rectangle and took on a severe abstract or symbolic language. Two or three other designs on the left wall in a similar color are faded almost beyond recognition, but I am confident that infrared or black light would bring them out.

While we studied the pictographs, Leopoldo busied himself by building a fire. In minutes he had a hot one going and placed some shucked corn, standing soldier fashion against rock slabs, around the fire. The corn was roasted by direct heat and reflection. Even without salt or butter, the corn was tasty.

At 3 p.m. we headed back. Cave Valley had given us valuable insight into how the Casas Grande people might have lived, and our regard for these early people had grown. Someday we would be back to do more study.

"Why build such a place in the Wilderness Park Museum?" one might ask. "Why care about the past?" Because if one is to respect man and the present, he must study and record the past as a point of perspective and departure. The value of recording this information for future generations is paramount.

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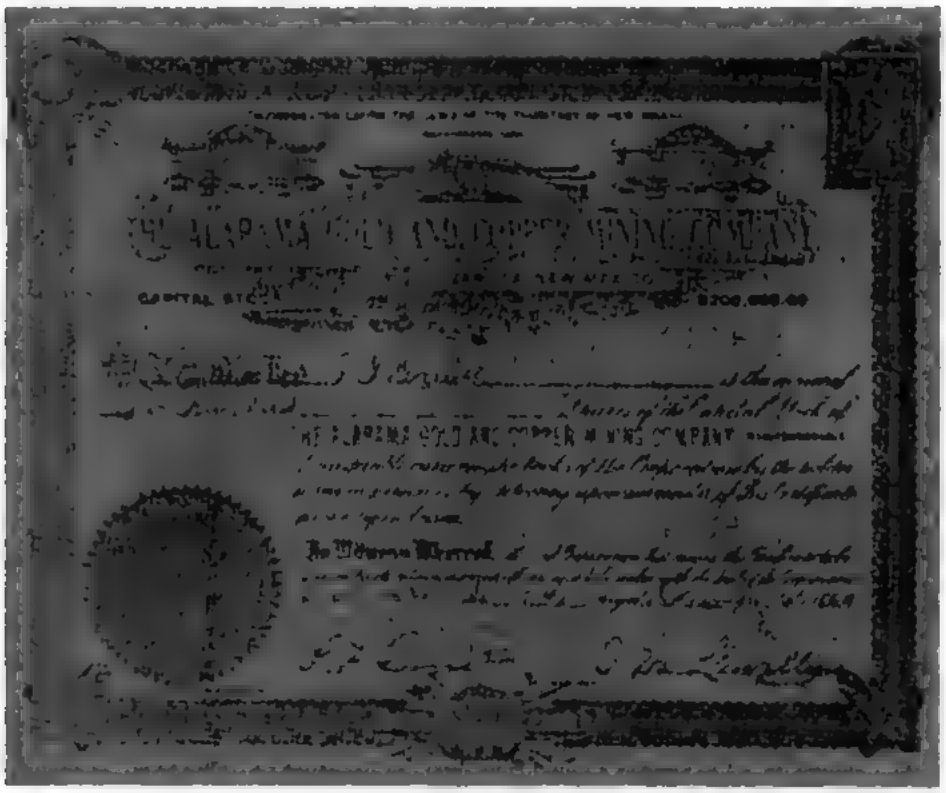

Courtesy Richard Sinchak Collection of Old West and Pioneer Autographs

Gold, Copper and Garrett

For many years I've found your magazines interesting, factual, and informative. I recently acquired a stock certificate signed by the legendary Western sheriff, Pat F. Garrett (1850-1908).

The ornate certificate was issued to Garrett and signed by him as Secretary of The Alabama Gold and Copper Mining Co. of Jarilla, New Mexico on December 12, 1890. I am enclosing a Xerox copy of it so you may show it in one of your upcoming issues. I know your readers would like to see this part of Old West History. —Richard Sinchak, P. O. Box 921, Warren, Ohio 44482

Editor's Note: Our thanks to Mr. Sinchak for sharing a prize specimen of his collection. We hope Sheriff Garrett, with his 200 shares, fared better than some of his fellow speculators whose story is told on Page 14.

Water Witching

In your February issue of *True West* I read the "Water Witcher." My husband is also one. There are several wells around that he has witched for, where they hadn't been finding water by digging. He witched for them and told the men how many feet deep the water was and also which way the stream was running. When the drill hit the stream they came in like a gusher. Water umbrellaed up.

He can use the limb of any tree that bears fruits or berries. He also can put a silver coin in the split end and find minerals or money. The trouble is that it is attracted to any kind of iron or steel in the earth. But with the coin in the witch it will not work for water.—Mrs. C. L. (Ersley) Dennis, Rt. 2, Box 256, Waterloo, Alabama 35677

A Few Comments on Hood River Blackie

I just read your editorial in the June 1977 *True West*. I don't know what the experiment is but have a couple of comments. Just from the way Blackie writes he is a unique fellow. I don't allow as how I could follow the hobo life the way he does, but know there is a dying breed who do and enjoy it to the hilt.

A part of his letter almost flashed to a movie Kirk Douglas once played in—that part about Blackie riding out on a high point overlooking a busy highway, knowing he had to cross it.

Other parts remind me of a couple of incidents that happened when I was in the Navy and stationed in Fallon, Nevada. I took off one day with my wife and eight-year-old son for Ione. I had a map that showed a shortcut. We followed a dry river bed about four or five miles before hitting a dirt road and it seems like we came out at a crossroads which was marked Burnt Ranch on a weathered sign. I was almost sure of the way and had gone about two miles and over a ridge when I spotted a mine (buildings) a half mile or so off the road and a car parked there so drove down to inquire if I was on the right road to Ione.

The man and his wife were a bit suspicious 'til they saw we were a family. He offered us a drink of water and we talked a few minutes. He had staked several claims in the area and had just returned to spend a few weeks working one or the other of these stakes and after being gone for several months he returned to discover that thieves had stolen most of his mining machinery which he had locked up in one of the buildings. Said it had set him back about $5,000, and there was a lot of theft going on in the mining areas which were left unattended during the winter months. This was in spring of 1963.

A short time after this particular incident we drove over to see the ghost town of Rawhide. Now, that sits off the main highway (95) about ten to fifteen miles. It is not marked on any map of Nevada but I recall we cut off just a short way before we got to Schurz and went out across the desert, watching for wash-outs. When we arrived in Rawhide I was sort of expecting to see signs of at least one person there, and on the north end of town there was a home being used as there were signs to show someone lived there. At that time I was informed one fellow still mined and made a living at it but was not a bit friendly so I did not attempt to see him.

There was a section of Rawhide which had about a city block of buildings which for the most part were in good condition. There were false fronts and unbroken windows in some of the buildings and board sidewalks in front of them. We looked in one building and saw that it was an assessor's office with a huge iron safe still sitting there. The building was locked but easy to get into so we looked around a bit without disturbing a thing and left.

The part I am getting to is that about three months passed and we had visitors from New Jersey for a couple of weeks and I decided to show them a real ghost town so took them back over to see Rawhide. In just that three months it was appalling what people had done to that one block of the town. All the windows were busted out, the iron safe had been forced open and all the boards had been

(Continued on page 40)

Above: Charles Russell, famed Western artist and sculptor, worked in many media including pen and-ink, oil paints, water colors and clay. He was in a whimsical mood, and perhaps in his cups, when reportedly he used his finger and oil paints to decorate the face of a drum head for the band at the Glacier National Park Hotel. The bass drum was purchased by Ed Dahl, now of Stevenson, when he led a band at the Glacier Hotel. Dahl is seen at right behind the drum in this picture, circa 1925. The leather of the drumhead later split and Dahl salvaged the Russell painting and recently framed it and showed it to friends. Right: Ed Dahl with the treasured memento.

Old Days!

RUSSELL PAINTING ON DRUMHEAD

Story and Photos
Courtesy The Skamania County Pioneer
Stevenson, Washington

A CHARLES RUSSELL painting that may prove a valuable addition to the lore and known works of the famed Western artist surfaced in Stevenson, Washington in October 1976, if "surfaced" is a proper word for Ed Dahl telling his friends about the oil-on-leather impression of an Indian chief he has treasured in his home for many years.

The painting was done with his finger, or fingers, by the artist when he was a guest at the Glacier National Park Hotel in Montana. It is unsigned, but Dahl has no doubt of its authenticity.

Dahl is a retired Stevenson realtor. He grew up in Montana and as a boy lived in Great Falls near the home of Charles Russell. Ed knew Russell only as a youngster would know an adult who had a house and a studio up the street, but Dahl frequently passed the house which is now maintained as the Russell Museum.

Later Dahl lived in Shelby, Montana and helped organize a high school orchestra, and even later he was with a five-piece band which played at the Glacier National Park Hotel.

It was there Dahl bought a bass drum from a young man named William Snow whose father had played the drums with an earlier band at the Glacier. According to young Snow, his dad told him that Charles Russell was at the hotel one night and got into a discussion with an Indian artist friend named Young or De Young [Joe De Yong?].

The friend told Russell he (Russell) couldn't paint an Indian head with his finger. Whether or not the two artists were in their cups is not established. In any case, Russell took some paints and created a likeness of an Indian with his finger on the pigskin drumhead.

Dahl used the drum for many years, but eventually the drumhead broke and he salvaged the finger-painting. Recently he dug it out of an old trunk and framed it.

Dahl's painting has been displayed at the Stevenson Community Library for interested Russell enthusiasts.—Submitted by Perry W. Bastrom, Carson, Washington.

THE BEAR THAT WOULDN'T DIE

By A. M. Plantz

THE sawyer at Kellogg's sawmill in the north end of Long Gulch near Gunnison, Colorado in the hard rock mining days of 1904 thought "The Okie" was a pretty peculiar fellow. His shoulder-length tow-colored hair, his eyes "yellar as a catamount's," his long skinny frame clad in homespun shirt and trousers held up by handknitted galluses, contrasted with the redshirted, heavy-built loggers. Like many of them he couldn't read or write, but unlike them he was proud of it.

"Never wanted to clutter up my mind with book learning," he said. He kept track of his time at the mill by putting matches in a glass jar, one for each twelve-hour day, half a match if it rained too hard to work. He refused to take pay checks. Instead he demanded silver dollars, which he tested by biting each one. "Counterfeit money's soft," he explained.

Another way he differed from the others was in refusing to eat what they did. "Got no use for all that stuff the cook fixes," he said. "All I want is hominy grits and cornpone and rabbits. Guess there ain't no law against killing them?"

There wasn't. Nobody wanted to eat the tough, stringy snowshoe hares. But The Okie's big square white teeth chomped them up fast.

His last difference was in the way he felt about the whiskey that Bill, the cook, sold in the evenings. "I ain't gonna rot my insides with that stuff," he said to Bill loudly. "I'm a-working for my family, not to make you rich."

Bill, naturally a little miffed, started to poke sly fun at The Okie till a man who knew Southerners warned him, "You better be careful. You ever see him blow the head off a rabbit with that muzzle-loader of his? You git him riled he'd blow your head off just that quick and easy. And he may be queer, but he ain't no dumbbell."

Then on Sunday The Okie himself gave Bill a chance at revenge. In his usual loud voice he announced, "You fellers keep me awake half the night with your hollering and fighting. I'm so tired I cain't hardly do an honest day's work. I'm gonna move my wagon up by that cold spring at the end of the gulch. S'pose there ain't no law agin it."

"Why, that's—" somebody started, but Bill cut in heartily, "No, there ain't no law agin it. Nobody owns it. You can dig yourself a hole to keep your milk jar in. It'll be ice cold—good drinking now that the hot days are coming. Course a lot of animals come there to drink and waller in the mud. But I guess that won't bother you."

"No it won't," snapped The Okie. "Animals got more sense than to get drunk and holler all night."

That last sentence sealed his fate. Nobody told him what was wrong with that spring. They figured he could find out for himself.

ALL went well for a while. The Okie enjoyed his sleep and proved it by swamping more logs, which pleased the boss but not the men. Then one hot Sunday afternoon they heard his muzzle-loader blast five times in succession.

"Huh," said Bill, "I reckon The Okie has got company. Think we better go up and view the remains?"

"Whose remains?" somebody asked.

"Well, that remains to be seen," said Bill winking.

"That's a mighty poor joke." one of the sawyers said indignantly. "We ought to warned him about that spring. I'm getting my gun and going up there."

But just then they heard the gallop of horses and the rattle of a wagon. Next The Okie came into sight. He was standing up in the wagon, larruping his team. His hair was wild and his eyes scared. "Where's the boss?" he shouted. "I want my time. I'm going home. I don't care if I starve. It's better than living in a place with such varmints as these." He stopped his horses and sank down in the wagon seat. He was shaking so hard his teeth chattered.

"That bear," he shuddered. "I filled it full of buckshot five times. I know I hit it. But it just kept sticking its head back over the rock. It wouldn't die. It's one of God's miracles I was able to hitch up my horses and git away. I ain't going back either."

"Well, you ought to," one of the men

(Continued on next page)

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Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 39)

said. "You musta wounded it. Tain't right to let it suffer."

"I tell you it poked its head over the rock lively as ever," protested The Okie. But he finally agreed to go if some good shots would go with him. In the end all the men crowded into the wagon.

When they neared the spring, they heard a sort of moaning. "Like I told you," Bill said. "You wounded the poor critter."

They went to the rock above the mudhole and looked down. They could hardly believe what they saw—four huge cinnamon bears dead and one cub. Another cub was making the pitiful whining as he nosed his dead mother.

"As fast as you killed one," Bill said in awe, "another would stick its head up. Well, you made yourself a pile of money. A sheep rancher will pay fifty dollars for every bear killed and twenty-five for cubs. Congratulations."

"Blood money," muttered The Okie unhappily. "I never would've come here if you'd told me it was the place bears come to cool theirselves. They got a right to live same as me. That poor baby! I got to kill him too. He cain't git along without his mother."

Sheepishly the men helped him skin the bears and deliver the hides to the sheep man. They watched him test the huge pile of silver dollars with his teeth as usual. And they firmly refused his offer to pay for their help.

"Well," The Okie said at last, "it's mighty kind of you-all. I never got real acquainted with you and I'd like to stay a while. But I'm right homesick, and I got me enough money to feed my family till next year. So goodbye. And thank you kindly."

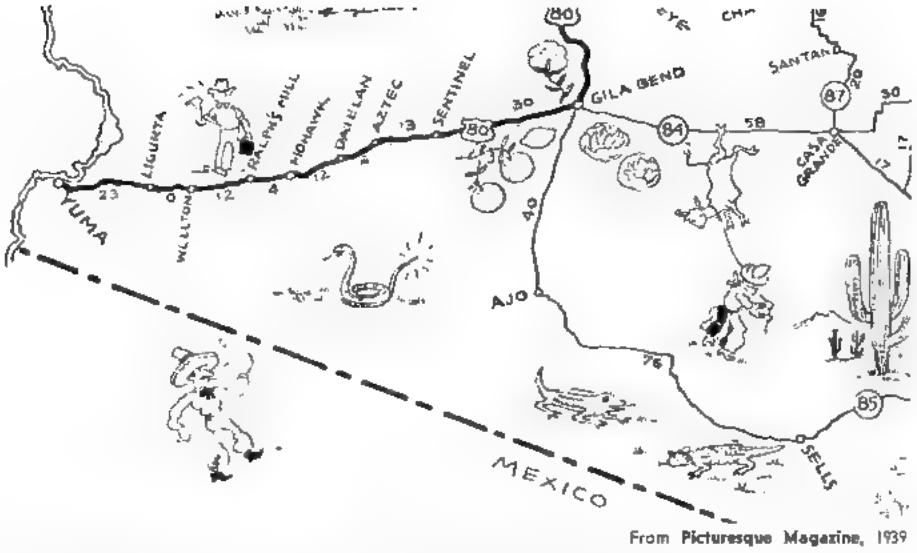
They watched him rattle out of sight. "We'll never see his like again," sighed Bill. "Not unless there's another drouth in Oklahoma."

Author's Note: This story resulted from a living history project at Western State College in Gunnison. Students interviewed old-timers there. The tale was recited by James W. McCabe, eighty-seven years old, a resident of Gunnison County for over seventy-five years. He met the chief character while working at Kellogg's sawmill. The men were snaking out trees to make railroad ties. Mr. McCabe, then a boy of fourteen, worked on the "snatch" team—driving one of four wagons to the top of Transfer Mountain, where they dumped the ties to be collected by the wagons the railroad sent. The grade was so steep the horses were too exhausted to go on to Gunnison. He, like the others, thought The Okie was a nut but came to respect him.

OLD PLANK ROAD

By Daniel Woods

ON Arizona-California Highway 80, standing rotten and forlorn from years of exposure to scorching desert sun and drifting, whispering sands, is the old plank road, a fading memory of a pioneering land.



From Picturesque Magazine, 1939

Map of southwest Arizona showing road from Gila Bend to Yuma.

Sections of this road can be seen today on top of the sand dunes west of Yuma, Arizona. It was the only highway between Yuma and El Centro, California, until 1925, when U.S. 80 became a paved road. Those were the times of poor highways, slow cars and 12-cent gas.

My father once had some business in El Centro, so our whole family decided to make the trip over that very road. We had a good-traveling Model T Ford. It took us two days to get to Yuma. During the trip between Gila Bend and Yuma there came a big storm and we lost some time. Our Ford was a touring car and had cloth and isinglass curtains we snapped on to keep the wind out. We burned out a rod going all of 20 miles an hour but soon fixed it and were on our way.

We stayed all night in Yuma, where we camped by the river and went fishing. While there, a man told my father the plank road from Yuma to El Centro was awful rough and would give you a terrible headache. In some places the plank road was a one-way deal, with wide spots where you pulled out to let others pass. There was no way to get back on the planks if you ever left the road in the sand.

Father, being a great traveler and realizing there was no way to make coffee, had bought some green coffee beans and parched them and we ate them for the headache. Six beans was like a cup of strong black coffee. My people, being Cajun French from the Bayou country of Louisiana, were great coffee drinkers.

WHILE we were on the plank road we kids got nosebleeds from the car bouncing and jolting. The only remedy my father knew was to hold a dime in the roof of your mouth. But he said he couldn't afford to lose the money by us swallowing it, so we put rocks in our mouths. It seemed to work okay.

We picked up an old white man walking along. He started cursing the government and everything else in general. He never stopped talking for about five miles. So when we came to a little store by the road, my father asked him if he was hungry. He said he was and had not eaten in quite a while. Father gave him 20 cents and told him to go in the store and buy a loaf of bread and some bologna. When he went in the store, we drove away.

My mother said that was a poor way to do a stranger, but it seemed okay to the rest of us. My father always seemed to be able to handle any situation that came up.

After we completed our business in El Centro, the old Model T was so "shook up" from the plank road that Father said he didn't believe it would be safe to come home with.

He peddled off the T, bought a train ticket for the whole family, and we made good time coming home.

THE STORY OF LAKE HELEN

By Beverly Swerdlow Brown

ONE hundred and thirteen years ago, a young husband and wife in their early twenties left Red Bluff, California on horseback to begin an adventuresome trek through the Sierras. They camped in the open meadow, spreading their blankets under the pines. The woman was Helen Tanner Brodt, who later became the first white female to scale the snow and ice-capped Mt. Lassen.

Very little is known about her early life, but she was recognized as a portrait artist and among her most notable works is an oil of Captain John Brown. Also, she painted a picture of Lassen Peak.

Helen was married to Aurelius W. Brodt, a schoolteacher. When it was discovered that malaria had undermined his health, physicians advised him to spend some time in a higher altitude. The young travelers prepared for a trip through the tall timbers with saddle horses and pack animals, unaware that a tribe of hostile

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Indians lived nearby. Neither Helen nor her husband carried firearms and were totally vulnerable to an attack.

One morning while the Brodts were fixing breakfast two U. S. Army scouts stopped by their camp and informed them that smoke from their campfire had been seen at the Mill Creek headquarters of Major P. B. Reading. The scouts were told to invite the couple to join Reading and his company.

The Brodts met Major Reading and after a pleasant exchange of conversation, he asked Helen and Aurelius to accompany his group on a climb to Lassen Peak. During the ascent, Aurelius slipped from his horse as he was getting his wife a cup of snow and suddenly he began to slide down the mountainside. He managed to save himself from certain death by digging his fingers into an icy ledge.

Once they reached the summit on August 28, 1864, the group discovered many small bodies of water. Major Reading asked Mrs. Brodt her first name. In honor of her being the first woman to reach the spot where they were standing, he named a small lake "Lake Helen."

Later, in September 1864, Aurelius wrote a letter to his mother in New York about the expedition:

"I arrived here last night and I thought I would write you a few lines. I cannot give particulars, but last week Helen and myself climbed and stood upon the very top of Lassen's Peak, eleven thousand feet above the level of the ocean. It was a thrilling adventure—we walked over snow and ice that had probably laid there for centuries—we found a crater in active operation, sending up vast clouds of sulphurous steam and making a deafening roar, similar to an immense steam engine. We found a beautiful little lake near the top of the mountain which was named after my wife—also her name and date is inscribed on the side of a large rock on the very peak."

WHEN his health was restored, Aurelius and Helen bought some land in Pleasanton, California. Each summer they worked on the farm. They planted a 300-acre vineyard and built a small winery on the property.

Helen continued to paint and sketch all of her life. She employed practically

Photo Courtesy Virginia Perry Wilson

Above: Marker at Lake Helen, the highest lake on the Lassen highway. Below: Self-portrait of Helen Tanner Brodt painted in Cambridge, New York in 1861 when she was 23 years old. Right: This pastel of Mt. Lassen is owned by the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.

Photo Courtesy Virginia Perry Wilson

Photo Courtesy Virginia Perry Wilson

every medium—painting or drawing on canvas, wood, paper, and china. Recalling the wildflowers of Tehama County she painted dainty designs on fine porcelain. Some of her sketches hang in Bancroft Library in Berkeley, California (where she taught art in the schools) and in Stanford University. Housed in the library in Sacramento is a drawing of Major Pierson B. Reading whom Helen had met high in the mountains.

Helen Tanner Brodt was the mother of four children. She died in 1908.

THE-END-OF-THE-WORLD FIREBALL

By Don Buchan

SUPPOSE an unknown flying object landed in your neighbor's field. For scientific study it would be worth a great deal of money. Does your neighbor own it because it landed on his property? Or is it owned by the first witness? Let us look back for a precedent.

An unknown flying object landed in northwest Iowa in 1879. John W. Cory, an attorney, wrote an eye-witness account and added something about the legal aspects. Here is his story.

"On the 10th day of May, 1879, N. W. Iowa was the scene of a very unusual event for this or any part of the world. About 3 o'clock that day the inhabitants were aroused from their usual occupations by a tremendous cracking, sizzling, and roaring sound in the west and simultaneously with it, the appearance of a large ball of fire, coming from the west in almost a due course to the east.

"This was a molten mass of fire and afterward found to be an aerolite. At its first appearance it was about 30 miles to the west . . . about two miles high . . . and gave the observer the impression that the ball and rays were about 10 feet in diameter. It was moving . . . on a horizontal position and did not revolve . . . gradually descending . . . moving at a speed of 50 to 60 miles an hour . . . passed over Spirit Lake about midway of the lake . . . about one mile from the ground.

"The ball was surrounded . . . by tongues and sparks of fire emitted . . . and continued to have a crackling, sizzling and roaring sound . . . there were thrown off small fragments . . . ranging from the size of a marble to that of a baseball . . . afterwards converted into rings, watch charms and other ornaments.

"There is a tradition that a large piece . . . was loosened and thrown off about a mile west of the town of Superior (Iowa) . . . and fell into a pond in Richland township. . . .

"The tail was characterized by a very strong smell of fire and sulphur and was of a blackish color, being very much like a bushy tail in appearance.

"It fell in Emmet county about 3 miles N. W. of Estherville. It divided into three parts and each had the same appearance as the original. The main meteor fell with such force as to be entirely embedded into the earth from 12 to 20 feet, mashing everything in its way leaving a large open cavern in the ground. Other pieces fell to the south and north. . . .

"It was supposed to be of great value and attracted scientific men and speculators, not only from Iowa, but from other states. The question arose whether it belonged to the owner of the land where the pieces fell, or to the one who had discovered them.

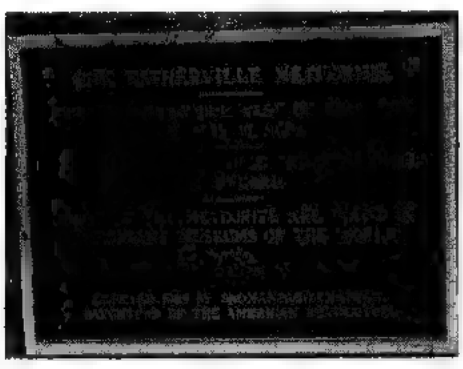
"There was, in legal circles, great discussion as to the ownership. It was a new kind of property, from whence it came being unknown. It could not be owned by anyone until it fell to the ground.

"There was no case in any court of last resort defining who owned it. The land owner and the discoverer equally claimed ownership . . . a compromise was affected . . . and the land owner became the owner.

"The aerolite weighed over 1,000 pounds and parts of it were sold or donated to various groups. One piece went to the University of Minnesota; another to Vienna, Austria, where it is displayed with the name 'Estherville, Iowa, U. S. A.' A larger piece was sold for a great sum to a British museum of London where it carries the name, 'Spirit Lake, Iowa.'

"Scientific men examined the object and found it was composed of iron, nickel, phosphorus and sulphur. There were rumors that it shook buildings for 50 miles around, but the writer was in the town of Spirit Lake and watched it continuously until it fell . . . and not over 15 miles from that spot, and there was no shaking of buildings."

This marker, about a mile from Estherville, Iowa, is near the spot where a meteorite fell in 1879.



ON May 8, 1890 a meteorite called "The End-of-the-World Fireball" passed over south and east of Spirit Lake and was seen as far away as Chamberlain, South Dakota. Although smaller than the aerolite of 1879, it is said to be one of the three largest ever to fall in the U. S.

Students and faculty of Grinnell College said it appeared to pass directly overhead; a mass of molten metal trailing great clouds of smoke, some of which stretched out for sixty miles after it had taken fifteen minutes to pass overhead.

One witness reported, "It was like a heavy cannonade with rushing, unearthly sound. A noticeable tremor caused folks to rush out of their homes. Many thought it was the end of the world."

It passed over Algona, Iowa in about two seconds with a great explosion in mid-air. The first piece was found near the town of Thompson.

Pieces fell in an oval space three miles long. Swarms of scientists and writers for scientific journals came to search for fragments. At one farm home several small pieces bombarded the roof, making hundreds of tiny pits.

Horace V. Winchell, geologist from the University of Minnesota, tracked down a piece weighing sixty-six pounds. Again there was a struggle between the finder and the owner of the land.

So if you find a UFO on your neighbor's property, do not assume you own it. If one falls on your property, do not assume it is yours. No court of last resort has ruled as to ownership of a "thing" that no one can own until it falls, and is a new kind of property.

Trouble at Olyphant Depot

(Continued from page 15)

Glancing through his orders, McNally told Beehm, "We've got 'til 10:02 to reach Grand Glaise siding for the Cannonball. If we're lucky we won't be more than thirty minutes behind time when she passes."

BEEHM sat down in the cubicle that he and McNally always shared. Half dozing, he listened to the wheels beat out a steady rhythm against the rails. He thought of a fishing trip he and Matt Louck, fireman on No. 1, had planned for the weekend. It would be the last of the season, for the weather was getting pretty cold to fish.

Beehm snapped back to reality when he heard Bob Harris whistle for Olyphant, and automatically pulled the bell cord. Then walking to the rear of the coach, Beehm stepped out on the platform. McNally was behind him, followed by the Lippman girl and Charlie Land, ready to descend the steps.

As the train came to a halt Beehm swung to the ground, placing the footstep in position for the passengers. From the direction of the depot, the figure of the agent hurried toward the mail car, shouting over his shoulder to McNally that he had no passengers for No. 1. As he tossed the mail sack to the clerk, he caught one in return, heading back through the rain to the dimly lighted depot. Reaching the door ahead of Land and the girl, he stepped aside to let them enter.

Beehm tossed the footstep back to the platform and climbed hurriedly up the steps to get out of the rain. McNally was waving his lantern impatiently for Bob Harris to pull out, but getting no response. Cursing to himself, he tried again; still without success. Just as McNally started up the side of the train toward the engine to investigate the delay, the news butcher came flying through the coach at breakneck speed shouting, "Mac, there's robbers up front! You'd better get up there in a hurry!"

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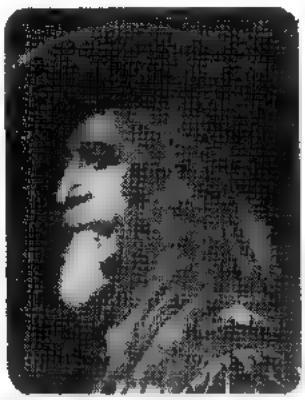

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CHIEF JOSEPH (41)

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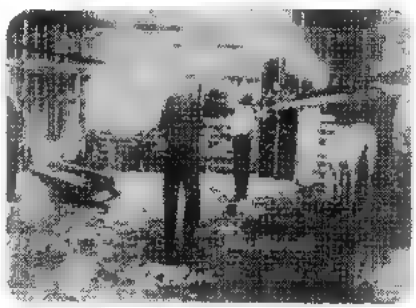

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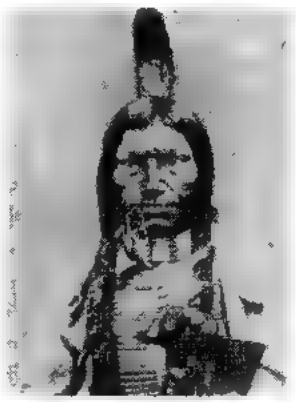

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Beehm and McNally both raced to the cubicle where their revolvers were stashed away in carpetbags. McNally was first to grab his ancient breech-loading Colt and head for the front of the train. By the time Beehm recovered his .38 Smith-Wesson, all hell had broken loose with a burst of rapid gunfire, seemingly in the direction of the depot and from the front of the train.

Beehm's first impulse was to turn the gas lights off in the rear day-coach and Pullman, but realizing chaos might erupt among the women and children, he extinguished only the light on the platform between the two coaches.

As he dropped to the ground, lead was flying. From the corner of the depot, spurts of flame flashed intermittently toward the direction of the engine. He felt confident it was Charlie Land, and knew the gun was misfiring.

Before Beehm could take cover at the corner where Land had stationed himself, he heard men running down the cinder path from the engine, and one swearing loudly, "Get to hell back in there, you s-o-b!" Beehm opened fire on the approaching figures. Almost in unison, a Winchester and a shotgun blazed in the darkness, breaking windows and raking the side of the coaches. Hot lead, scattered from the shotgun, burned deep in his face.

Hysterical screams came from the coaches where windows had been broken. Both angry and frightened, Beehm kept pulling the trigger, firing in the darkness, until the hammer landed on a spent shell. Only then did he give up and climb the steps to the platform.

He could tell by the commotion coming from the rear day-coach, ahead of the Pullman, that the outlaws had made their way that far. Knowing he had no alternative, he retired to the Pullman to wait for them. His .38 was pushed beneath a seat, where he sat near Dan Holtzman, the Pullman conductor, who was huddled close to the dozen or so passengers waiting fearfully for the arrival of the bandits.

The waiting was short-lived. Three masked men made their appearance, two brandishing Winchesters, while the third waved a .45. The third had a bag stuffed with money and articles taken from the other coaches.

Arrogance was grossly displayed by the outlaws as they went about stripping everyone of valuables. Dan Holtzman made an effort to intervene when one of the three made an indecent gesture toward one of the girl passengers, but was pushed roughly to one side and cursed.

Beehm wanted to tell the outlaws it was time for the Cannonball, but was hesitant for fear he would be forced to flag it down. Weighing the amount of control the outlaws had on No. 1, he realized they probably could take the Cannonball too. The only hope was that the bandits would soon leave, giving his train time to get on the siding before the fastbound express made its appearance. "Maybe," he thought, "Matt Holt, the engineer pulling the Cannonball, would notice that something was amiss when he discovered No. 1 was not on the Grand Glaise siding."

WHEN the three finished stripping the Pullman, they left by the rear door, securing it open. The man with the bag handed it to another, while he leveled his .45 at those in the coach, making sure no one would follow. Presently he backed out the door and was gone.

When Beehm heard Bob Harris release the brakes, he knew the Cannonball was coming, so he headed for the open door. As he reached the platform, the sound of running horses could be heard in the darkness, heading north.

Charlie Land came on the run from the depot, yelling to Beehm that the Cannonball was coming. While Harris reversed the engine, Beehm grabbed a rear signal lamp from its bracket and handed it to Land, telling him to go up front and signal the oncoming express to stop until the main line could be cleared.

It was only when he saw the slow creep of the train in its effort to back that he froze. No. 1 had sat so long without stoking, she had lost her steam. Adding to his anxiety, he could see the approaching Cannonball was making no effort to slow down.

Beehm stood paralyzed as the crippled train crept on the siding. No. 1 had just cleared the main line by inches when the Cannonball roared by. Matt Holt later said the green side of Land's clearance lamp was turned toward the speeding Express, giving an all-clear signal. Land could never truthfully say which way he had held the lamp. He only remembered Beehm had lifted it from its rack high on the observation platform and handed it to him.

As Holt passed, he suspected something was wrong so he sped on through the river bottoms with a full throttle toward Newport, to report the incident. However, before the Cannonball could reach Newport, the Olyphant agent had already telegraphed ahead full details of the robbery.

Things had happened so fast, Beehm had forgotten McNally. He started for the front of the train, searching apprehensively as he passed from coach to coach. Reaching the baggage car, he asked baggageman, Billy Chittum, about the conductor. Billy pointed to a cot at the far end of the dimly lighted car. It took only a glance to see McNally was dead.

"They never gave him a chance," Billy said, pretty broken up about it all. "Mac didn't have time to raise his gun. As he opened the door, one of the men just shot him down."

Beehm picked up the old Colt McNally had carried for such purpose and flipped the breech; it had not been fired.

By midnight all surrounding counties had been alerted to be on the lookout for the outlaws. In less than two hours, James Hobgood, Sheriff of Jackson County, and Sheriff Marshall Patterson of Woodruff County were in close pursuit with posse and bloodhounds.

The next day Deputy Sheriff Oscar Pennington of Independence County cap-

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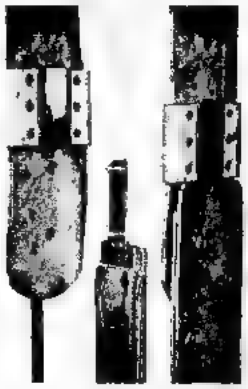

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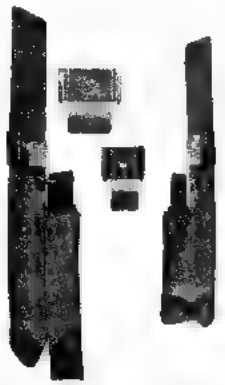

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tured Tom Brady and George Paggett at Jamestown, a community northeast of Batesville. From their persons a part of the loot was recovered, with a map showing roads leading into the Indian Territory.

After their apprehension, Paggett, an ex-policeman from Little Rock, collaborated freely with authorities, bringing a speedy capture of all the other outlaws. On December 6 Jim Wyrick was apprehended near Van Buren in Crawford County. By Christmas, Sam and Pennyweight Powell, Al Freeman, Bob Chesney, and Jim Hill (alias Albert Mansker) were captured in Craighead County.

On January 4, 1894 Tom Brady, Jim Wyrick, and Albert Mansker were brought to trial in Jackson County Circuit Court by Judge James Butler for the murder of W. P. McNally. After thirty-three days of intensive arguments by the prosecution and the defense, they were found guilty on February 6, 1894 and sentenced to hang. The jury determined from baggageman Billy Chittum that Jim Wyrick fired the shot which killed McNally.

In conjunction with a previous charge, Pennyweight Powell was given time in the state penitentiary, with sentences running consecutively. Sam Powell, Al Freeman, and Bob Chesney were believed to have been freed through some kind of political maneuver. George Paggett was given his freedom after turning state's evidence.

On April 6, 1894 Wyrick, Brady, and Mansker met their destiny at the gallows on the Jackson County courthouse square. The hangman was Sheriff James Hobgood, who is said to have been critical of the way the prosecution handled the proceedings. He was twice charged with contempt when he disrupted the court, claiming too much bartering was going on between the prosecution and defense. In the end he resigned himself to the fact that Wyrick, Brady, and Mansker would suffer the consequence for all involved in the crime. Thus the files were closed on the Olyphant, Arkansas train robbery and the murder of Conductor W. P. McNally, who had so often said, "No one will ever succeed in robbing my train as long as I'm alive." And that's the way it ended.

West's First Subway

(Continued from page 27)

that promised more. Only a handful of die-hards remained to keep Eureka alive.

World War I gave the struggling community a new lease on life by creating a revival in silver production. The work only lasted a short time, however, and by the late 1920s the mines once more closed.

In recent years Eureka's population has remained more or less stable. Nearby ranches in the now irrigated desert country and a steady stream of tourists provide business for its stores, cafes and several bars. Winters in the canyon are severe. Summers are hot. Ranch hands drink cold beer and swap the usual lies. Tourists visit shops, gaze at the old mining buildings and take pencil rubbings from interesting tombstones in the various cemeteries.

The graveyards of old Eureka have a story to tell: "The first man killed here was George Miller, a member of the Nevada Assembly in the Sixties. Cornelius Buckley did it. Then Buffalo Bill Maize was plugged by the Flying Dutchman. Bull-Dog Kate was shot and killed by Hog-Eyed Mary. Jack Brannan was done in a little while later by Guss Botto who in turn was planted in boothill by Jesse Boglow. But these, you understand, were just killings in the natural run of events."

Smallpox victims were buried in one plot, while various fraternal and ethnic groups cared for their own. Jews, Catholics, Chinese and the I.O.O.F all had their own cemeteries. The powerful Masons buried their dead with pomp and ceremony fit for kings.

Eureka was one of the few mining towns that didn't suffer the ravages of fire. The citizens built strong and well. Brick and stone walls, with iron shutters to close over windows and doors, produced very solid buildings that were fire-proof. Plank roofs covered with sheet iron and twelve inches of earth provided good insulation from the weather.

Unfortunately, Eureka's most historic treasure—the first subway in the West—is not readily available to today's tourists. Only a small section of it survives intact under the still-operating Eureka Hotel, a pleasant place that offers good food and drinks.

Other mining towns had tunnels beneath their rough streets, but they were merely the result of metal-hungry miners following veins of ore. Eureka's subway on the other hand was designed solely for protection from the hard winters, for transportation, and the storage of goods. It was a true subway in every regard, and had nothing to do with the mining industry.

THE ORIGINAL subway was extensive. It connected the town's two breweries with a dozen saloons, a number of stores, a school and several homes.

Nevada's Governor Reinhold Saden lived in Eureka at the time and his home up the hill was connected via a tunnel to his prosperous place of business downtown. The Governor strolled in comfort to his store while those on the surface braved ice, snow and temperatures that often plummeted to thirty degrees below zero.

Some of the subway tunnels extended beneath the old Chinese District connecting their pleasure houses and shops. It is likely that more than one poor Chinaman went to join his ancestors in the dim reaches of the subway.

The King and Krouse grocery store had the largest and most elaborate tunnel. Its brick walls and vaulted arches soared to a height of more than one story. It looked more like a chamber of torture and other horrors than a mere place where barrels of liquor and other heavy items could be stored.

Little is known about the origin of the subway. The Nevada Historical Society

(Continued on page 48)

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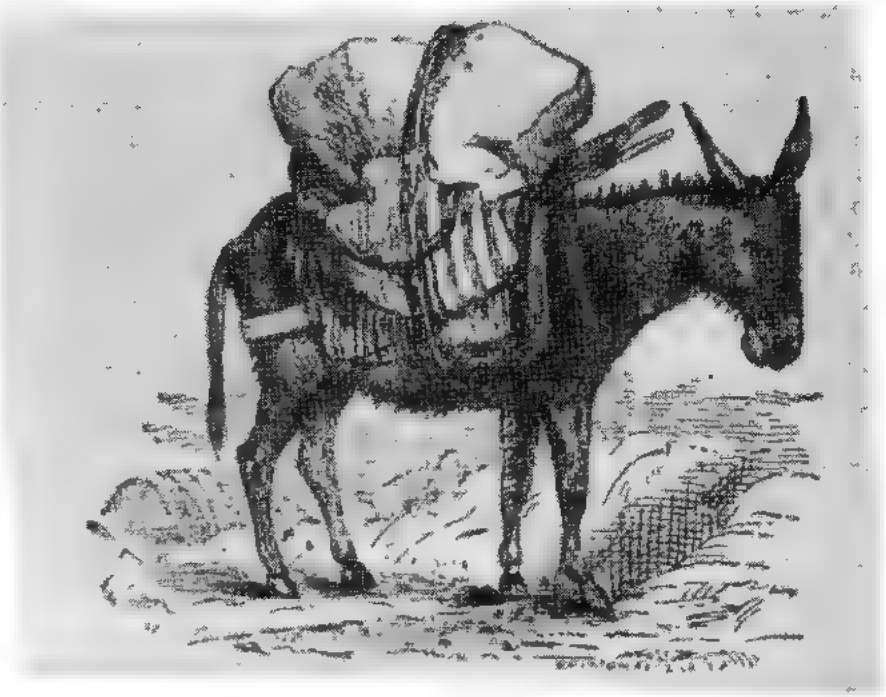
SANDERS' GOLD



BY
BEN
TRAYWICK

Sketch Courtesy Author

—the soldier's fortune that got away

VERY LITTLE was ever known about Sanders except that he was a private in the U. S. Cavalry in Arizona in 1879. He was stationed at Fort Apache, but spent little time there, for he was chasing renegades and Indians most of the time.

That September he was sent to locate a band of Apaches who had stolen stock from the Salt River settlement. Leaving his company camped on the headwaters of the Salt, he rode down to the settlement and got enough information that when he rode out he was able to pick up their trail. It led into the Sierra Ancha Mountains, but after about forty miles it scattered in all directions.

Sanders knew it was useless to follow any farther so he rode down Coon Creek. He assumed that riding downstream would bring him back to the settlement and he could return to camp from there. After about ten miles of riding he came to a falls so high that he had to climb out of the creek bed and ride around it. In crossing the ridge at the top of the falls he noticed that it was all quartz. Both he and his horse needed a rest, so he dismounted and sat down on a large white quartz rock. Scarcely had he settled himself before he noticed yellow spots glinting in the sunlight. In fact the rock contained so much gold that it bewildered him. It was wealth far beyond anything that he had ever imagined.

In awe and wonder Sanders examined the ridge and found it to be even richer than the rock that first caught his attention. Moving along the ridge he picked nuggets out of the cracks and crevices. Then he made the greatest find of all in a narrow chimney. The vein was almost a foot wide and several yards long. The quartz was rotten and at least half of it was solid, yellow gold.

The astonished trooper refused to believe that so much gold could ever occur in one spot. Maybe it was not gold, but something that resembled it, or maybe he had completely lost his mind. He walked a short distance away, took a drink of water, calmed himself, then went back to the ridge. The gold was still there, soft and yellow, just as it was the first time he saw it.

SANDERS returned to his company on the Salt River. Before leaving the ridge he had carefully noted all landmarks so he could locate it again. He was extremely careful to keep his discovery a secret. His fervent hope was to get an early discharge so that he could go back for the gold immediately, but the Army decided otherwise and made him serve out his enlistment.

About the time Sanders did get discharged a party called the Miner Expedition was formed to relocate a gold mine that was reportedly very rich. Sanders had neither the funds nor the equipment to go for his own gold at the time. However, the Miner party was going into the area where he had found the gold and because he was afraid they would find his ridge by mistake, he joined the party.

They rode deep into the Sierra Anchas and set up camp near the headwaters of Coon Creek. After exploring that immediate area they moved camp to Oak Springs. At this location they were much nearer to Sanders' gold and the ex-trooper could not resist going to see his treasure ledge—and did, bringing several specimens back with him but saying nothing to the others.

On several occasions he thought they were going to discover his gold, but they did not. After a while they moved in another direction to the lower Salt River. Since they had left the vicinity of his

(Continued on page 59)

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West's First Subway

(Continued from page 46)

in Reno has little to offer other than general information and several fine photographs. There is no mention of the unknown genius who dreamed up the first subway in the Old West, but whoever he was, he certainly thought big. The enormous amount of raw labor involved in constructing well over a mile of elaborate, brick-lined tunnels is staggering. With no jack-hammers, no backhoes, no mechanized equipment of any kind, every inch of rock and earth had to be excavated by hand. Brawny, sweating miners had to pound rock bits into a Mother Earth who gave way grudgingly. Black powder tamped into hand-drilled holes disintegrated the solid rock in ear-splitting blasts.

During the twenty years that Eureka thrived, the subway did its job well. That is evident by the small section under the hotel. Only by visiting the town and comparing it with other mining "ghosts" can one appreciate the highly individualistic citizens who still call it home.

But then, the people of Eureka have always been purposeful. When President Franklin D. Roosevelt ordered all United States banks closed back in 1933 in order to restructure the banking industry, Eureka's Farmers and Merchants Bank refused to comply. It was the *only* bank in the entire nation to stay open!

Nine Powder Marks

(Continued from page 23)

direction. Potter galloped back to meet him as he didn't trust C.W. White to confront him, even though the boys had quieted him down somewhat.

Old man Cox did not pay any attention to Potter but began to shout orders for riders to start immediately to Las Vegas and Fort Stanton. "Post a $10,000 reward for the capture of Jim White, dead or alive," he commanded. "You boys, put out your fire and watch the roads both south and west. He's headed toward Mexico as fast as he can ride."

BUT Jim White was too smart to head in the direction he was expected to take. Since he had such a long start, he rode by his dugout to collect his belongings. Potter learned from Jim Wiggins that he signed papers turning over his land and cattle. The other feller, Lon Reed, had some wages on him and cashed a check for Jim. No one suspected that White would return home so he had time to clear his business and settle everything fair and square. Wiggins also stated that Jim folded the signed papers, handed them to him, then gave his check to Lon. He shook hands, and without a word or backward glance, strode out to his horse and rode east.

Jim missed all the guards that Cox had posted on roads leading south and west. He stopped at several ranches to change horses and about a week after the killing, rode up to his old home ranch in Sweetwater, Texas. There he told his older brother, Tom, who lived on the place all about the killing. He was in no hurry to get away before morning. They talked over the situation till the lamp sputtered out, and always came back to one inescapable fact. Jim must simply skip the country. He would never know a moment's peace but would be running the rest of his life. He could never live under the name White or own any property. The brothers did not know for sure about the posting of reward money, but they guessed that's what Cox would do and make it pretty high too. They knew, sooner or later, someone would try to collect it.

Peacock's killing and Jim's escape was the favorite campfire story for months to come. Potter was later told by a neighbor of the Whites in Texas that Jim and Tom sank his saddle, boots and clothing in a rock-weighted bundle deep in a nearby lake. He also heard that as Jim started out on a borrowed horse to the nearest railway station, he leaned down to shake hands with his brother and said, "To think that all this happened over that little dogie calf that we raised on a bottle. I just saw red when they dragged up that little white critter. Peacock had no right to brand my pet calf with his Bar-V."

Tom White kept Jim's gun but he never came back to claim it, nor did anyone ever hear of him again.

Friends, Rhomans, Countrymen

(Continued from page 21)

The jailer knew us real well. We asked him one day how he was going to keep them all and he said he would take all their shoes off and have a lot of sand burrs hauled in and put around the jail. Then they could not get away.

One Sunday morning Mamma sent me to the butcher shop where we traded, but it was closed. The night before when the butcher and his partner were checking up and counting their money, the law thought they had gambling going on, and the butcher thought it was someone trying to rob them. He would not open the door so the law shot through the door and killed him.

They were my best friends. When a photographer came one day to make a picture of their meat market, the butcher picked me up and put me on the counter. Well, the streets had oil on them to hold down the dust. When the pictures came in, my two black, dirty feet sure did show up in that white market. But they laughed and said they liked my feet.

When we went to Rhome to visit Aunt Euna, I would tell her what all I had seen and done in Ranger. She would just shake her head and say, "Oh, now, Sis!" I just wonder if she ever did believe me. If she was living, she could read it all in the Texas history books. I know just what it took to get the gas to run our cars on. I will never forget the strong breed of men and their families who put it there. It was not my last boom, but it was the best. Unforgettable.

When I go through Rhome, Texas I think about the hen and little chickens

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picture I did not get to finish, but the picture on the Sunday School card has always stayed with me.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 37)

ipped up. All the buildings had been orced open. Locks busted and old furiture busted up so bad it was a sore ght to behold. I was puzzled how anyne could do such a thing to what was ift of such an historic old town.

Blackie's discovery of that old rock abin in Arizona is fortunate. I hope his amouflage job of paint serves its purose and that he never reveals the locaon to anyone 'til the day he dies and iat shack sits there . . . should not say ack . . . cabin sits there 'til someone ith like principles comes along in anoth- hundred or so years and leaves it the me way then. That would be too much hope for though.

One night while camped out for deer nting I got up about 3:00 a.m. It was quiet, and the only light showing was e stars. I knew there was no other man within thirty miles of me and the iet was so intense my ears were ring- g. It is hard to describe the immensity such a feeling unless one has experi- ced it—and *those* don't need a deription.

Most of the Southern California desert being torn up these days by motorcyclists and off-road vehicles. When I was up in Nevada I discovered that the dry climate there holds the changes made in the desert for a long time. There were dumps of what had been small communities at one time and the cans and bottles were all mint though some were there over seventy and eighty years then. Most of the bottles are broken by people who dig through the dumps, no matter where the dumps are located. I felt then that Nevada was a well preserved junkpile as in the northern part a body could find remains of diggings every twenty-five miles or so—right out on the desert—and where a trail exists, some joker had gone and added his destructive notions to the desert.

Anyhow, this is one of those X numbers of letters, for whatever it's worth.—Zane E. Jacobs, 2075 Mariposa Street, Seaside, California 93955

☆ ☆ ☆

I can't write but here is a slight response to your letters from Hood River Blackie. In the December 1976 issue of *True West* is an article by him entitled "Rattlesnake Joe."

I wonder how many of your readers know Jeff Wiley of the Mojave Desert. Last time I saw him he was heading toward the Panamints with fourteen burros in 1963. He was seventy-three years old then. He wrote me a letter a little while later from Comptonville, California. Haven't heard from his since.

In the May 1976 issue of *Frontier Times* there is a picture of two Lee boys with Ruben Wright on page 35. The two Lees grew up here in this country and Tom lives in Breckenridge, Texas right now. I showed him the picture. He is the one with glasses and the John B. on.—John C. Allison, Box 72, Woodson, Texas 76091

☆ ☆ ☆

The letter by Hood River Blackie does in fact do something to you. I know what you mean.

Before the days of the four-wheel drive I did a bit of the back country as Blackie does, and his letter does, in fact, cause me to resent the existence of those people who have no business being in God's country. Good times and high wages have done it and I'm sorry.—Bret Aiken, 13015 Pioneer E., Puyallup, Washington 98371

☆ ☆ ☆

Yes, Hosstail, I read Hood River Blackie's letter. I especially remember reading of Blackie's meeting Tex Medders, although I would have placed the meeting earlier than 1940. I have subscribed to your magazines since 1963, so I cannot recall which magazine or the date in which this article was published.

Inasmuch as these combined letters of Blackie's touch upon "rail riders," I would like to put in my two cents worth.

In the mid-'30s I lived for three and a half years near a railroad switch in the small community where I still live. In those years of the Great Depression many men rode the rails. It was nothing

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to see four or five men in one car. And almost every car had one person riding. In these years I had many men come to my door for a hand-out and never did any one of them ever take food for free. They always had a tiny gift to give. I didn't want to accept, but did so because I realized they wanted to keep their dignity and integrity.

Two gifts I recall very well. I used them for years. One was a tiny wire to thread a needle. The other I used for about thirty years. It was a small half-moon piece of shiny, heavy aluminum shaped to go into the end of a curtain rod to keep from tearing and ripping the cloth as you slid the rod through the opening at the top of the curtain.

In those days the end of the curtain rod was raw cut metal. Now curtain rods have a narrow strip of plastic attached. But not back then. I had always used a table knife before this precious little gift—sticking the cutting end into the rod up to the handle, then slipping the curtain over the handle and onto the rod.

I shall never forget the cold, bitter March night this man knocked at my back door. I really wondered how he kept from freezing in those railroad cars although he was bundled up well and had a wool scarf about his throat and head. He must have been on a special trip for few ever came to your door at night.

It wasn't dangerous to open your back door at a knock in the '30s. Now you hardly dare open your front door to a stranger even in broad daylight.

I feel indebted to this rail-rider for all the long years I used my little gift. Gone were the frustrations and the torn curtain tops. I never used it but I thought of him and wondered if he were still living, and did things pick up for him and did it all turn out okay. Maybe he will read this and know how many years of usefulness and service his gift provided.

My father was a railroad man from 1901 to 1915, starting on the baggage car, and became telegrapher for the Baltimore and Ohio. He was at the switch during the disastrous 1913 flood which almost took everything here in the Ohio Valley down and dumped it into the Mississippi.

Good luck to Hood River Blackie and his way of life, wherever he is! Few can ever have his perfect freedom in the world as it is today. But the privilege of reading about it is for those who read your magazines.

Your magazines are the best being published today. Many of us believe TV to be devised by the Devil. And the printed word has fallen into Sodom and Gomorrah. But your Westerns have kept many of us sane and healthy-minded. They have become our dear friends—companions to keep for years—to read and reread. I wouldn't part with one of mine although I've loaned some of them over the years.

I'm grateful you are still publishing and that I'm able to afford what you publish.—Mrs. J. (Beulah Dashner) McNeill, 2007 Marquette Avenue, Point Pleasant, West Virginia 25550

☆ ☆ ☆

Just read "Roaming the Back Country" and, as you said for us readers to write, I remember reading some of it before but do not know when. But it is just lovely to read again. We enjoy your magazine and take them to rest homes here.—H. E. Conley, 547 W. Colorado Street, Glendale, California 91204

☆ ☆ ☆

Just read the piece about Hood River Blackie in the June '77 *True West*. I must say, this gentleman sounds like my kind of people. If he was on the road in the early thirties, it is possible that our trails crossed somewhere as I was one of those who traveled the length and breadth of the land via Sidedoor Pullman, searching for any kind of honest work to sustain life.

I was born in Thurber, Texas in 1913 but was in and out of Texas from 1929 to 1934 when I left permanently. Lived in Washington State three years, then California for thirty-seven years. Retired in '74 and have been three years in Carson City, Nevada.

In the faraway days of the 1930s I worked at such jobs as harvest hand in North Dakota and Washington. Farm and ranch hand in a half-dozen states—mule skinner on several dirt jobs. Cooked in a sheep camp in Idaho. Herded sheep in Wyoming—fruit picking in California. So many other types of work and places that I can't recall just now.

So I feel that I can identify with Hood River Blackie in many respects. I have the same regard for the great out yonder, and deplore people who go out to look and destroy and carry off. Many ghost towns here in Nevada have been sacked to the point that it is difficult to locate the spot where they once stood.

Might add in closing that all four of my great-grandfathers were immigrants to Texas in the 19th century. The first arrived in the summer of 1842—the last in 1874.

Keep the good work going, Joe, and bless you for what you have done to preserve Western history.—Roy B. Manseker, 93 Royal Drive, Carson City, Nevada 89701

☆ ☆ ☆

The Hood River Blackie story did it. I have started many times to tell you how much *True West*, *Frontier Times* and *Old West* have given me pleasure since the first copy.

And by the way, put the "wagon" at the top of the cover again. I near missed the May-June copy of *True West*. Best of luck to you.—L. E. Wood, Box 1207, Fort Walton Beach, Florida 32548

☆ ☆ ☆

I have long been a reader and subscriber of *True West* and *Frontier Times*. In 1934 during the Depression I opened a hobo restaurant in Wishram, Washington. Wishram was a division point of the S. P. & S. R. R. with a branch to California via Bend, Klamath Falls and Oroville.

Riding the trains were men, women

and children—even babies, as well as the typical hobo. At times there were as many as a hundred on one train.

Our meals were five cents and up. A bowl of beans and two slices of bread, five cents; stew, ten cents; hotcakes, fifteen cents; meals including dessert, thirty-five cents; plain steaks, thirty-five cents; T-bones, forty-five cents. Our help was paid one dollar a day and room and board; our cooks, a little more.

We had a washroom with hot water, also a flop house with cots for twenty-five cents per night. Among the travelers were men of all trades and talents: carpenters, painters, cooks, plumbers, mechanics, sign painters, artists, musicians and college men.

We had a piano in the lunchroom and often gave a player a couple of days' board and room in return for his entertaining. One artist painted a large mural on plywood panels over the counter. It was very good.

One day a ventriloquist, broke and on his last gallon of gas, drove up in an old deluxe Model "T" and said, "Five dollars buys this car. I'm broke and hopping a freight." We bought the car and in it was his Charlie McCarthy-type puppet. Charlie, when we'd dressed him as a hobo, complete with bed roll, pack sack, bag of Bull Durham and a cigarette in his mouth, was hung high on the wall with the sign, "Hey, Jack, where's that Rock Candy Mountain?" Charlie soon became famous and was known all over the United States. A man came in one day and asked, "Where is that little tramp? I heard about him before I left home in Maine."

We never turned down a hungry man. He at least got a bowl of beans. They had a saying, "A bowl of beans and we are good for another hundred miles." I have seen men, with their last quarter, feed four fellow travelers.

I was pleased and surprised at the honesty of the majority. They could easily have walked out without paying but I think very few did, but waited in line at the cash register. One hobo, dirty and ragged, found a man's ring in the washroom and brought it to me. An hour later a traveling salesman came rushing back for the ring. It was quite valuable. I was sorry he was too late to reward the finder. We hired many helpers off the road—cooks, dishwashers and waitresses—and were seldom disappointed in them.

So many things were traded for eats we finally started a second-hand store. I named my place Mother's Kitchen, so I was called Mom, or Mother. One fellow said, "I just got out of jail. The fellows in there all knew you." Among our customers were Blanke Slim, Key Cheek, Doc Whitey, Blackie, Shorty, Heavy, Missouri Slim, Wingy and many others. We never learned their real names.

When my two children, Rusty and Rose, finished school and World War II started, we closed the place and for years afterward I received money through the mail in payment for eats, and was stopped on the streets in The Dalles and Portland by men who said, "Here, Mom, I owe you some money."

I am quite sure among your many

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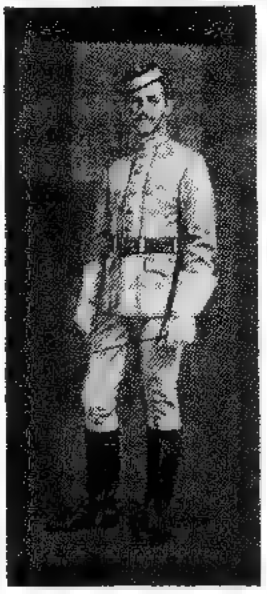
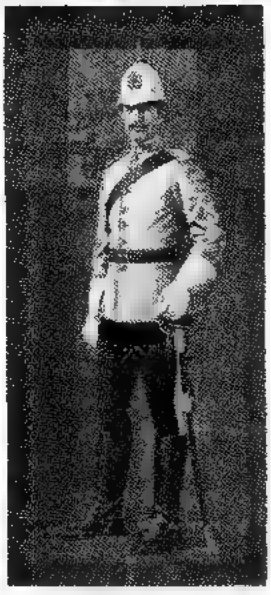
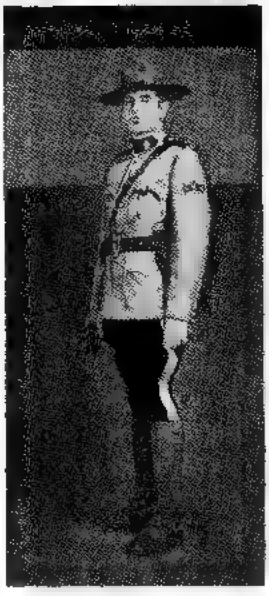


North West Mounted Police
1874.
First Official Uniform



North West Mounted Police
1888.
Dress Uniform



Royal Canadian
Mounted Police – Present
Review Order of Dress

In 1874 a handful of North West Mounted Police rode into the Canadian West to bring law to the 'Great Lone Land'. The youngest man among them was a fifteen year old bugler. By 1888 the 'Riders of the Plains' had served through the Riel Rebellion and established a vast network of Patrols and Police Posts.

With the discovery of gold in the Yukon came more duties for 'The Queen's Cowboys'. Eighteen Ninety-Eight saw the North West Mounted Police upholding the law, saving the foolish and discouraging Alaska badman 'Soapy Smith' by their presence.

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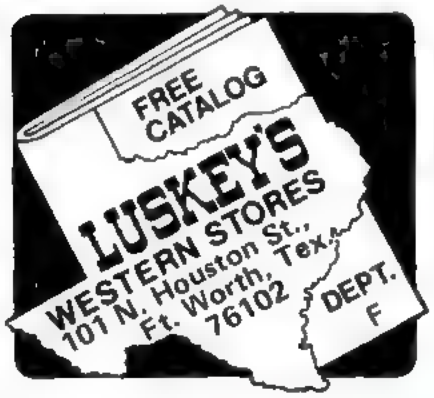

readers will be some who will remember "Mother's Kitchen" at Wishram. If so, I would like to hear from them.—Edith Horne, Box 163, Wishram, Washington 98673

Editor's Note: Letters were still coming in when it was time to close down and get this issue set in type. To anyone who wonders about all the letters being "pro" and none "con," that's exactly the way the poll turned out. It looks like the majority of us are ready for a sentimental journey where anyplace we hang our hat is home.

John Graham

There is a picture on page 27 of your February, 1967 issue accompanying a story, "Run-in with Amarillo Joe," written by Milt Hinkle. The caption under the picture names "Will Wilson, George Chambers, Jim Hoover, J. P. White, Johnny ———, about 1909."

Photo Courtesy Georgiana Cooper

The story mentions LFD brand and the LX. My father, John Graham, worked for the LX years ago. The "Johnny" in the picture bears a striking resemblance to my dad. Is it possible that any of your readers would have any knowledge of the Johnny in the picture or would have known John Graham? He was born in 1881.

In addition to working at the LX, he also was bronc rider for the Hammond Ranch for a number of years. Please let me hear from anyone who might have information on this.—Mrs. Bill Laycock, Route 4, Box 45C, Las Animas, Colorado 81054

Legacy of Ludwig Fischer

(Continued from page 31)

helped smiths wedge heated iron rims back on wooden spoke wheels of the great wagons.

Arrived in the Territory, he worked on the "mansion" of the first Territorial Governor, Frederic Stanton. This house stood on bluffs overlooking the sweep of the Kaw River, had carved stone fireplaces and deep, wide windows. So attractive were its ruins a hundred years later that Harry Woodring (a Kansan who served as Secretary of War during President Roosevelt's first term) wanted to restore it for his family's home. But distance, dilapidation and time made this unfeasible and the house now has been razed.

Ludwig went to Lawrence to find a connection from home and began a lifelong friendship with Dr. C. Rahm and his family. With Dr. Rahm, Lud saw the densely wooded bluffs and deep flat valley along Big Slough Creek where the Delaware River drained beautiful farmland. The wild grapevine and bittersweet twining through the green woods made him think of home and here he wanted to live. There was talk of the Territory coming in as a state, so he simply used land, wisely waiting until the government got things settled before committing himself. He built a stone lean-to then plastered with daub and wattle the two sides, using the long rushes and reeds from the slough to set in the mud walls. He put in a late crop as neatly as the sketch he drew on his slab table. Probably, along the swampy creek banks, he contracted the fever and ague.

He dared not stay alone in the little house with cold weather setting in, so he climbed on his work horse and went to Lawrence to see his friend, Dr. Rahm. The doctor took him in, giving him medicine and help. He then told Lud he was leaving in a few days for the gold fields. Ludwig begged to go.

"You are too sick to be left alone here. You might as well die out there," the doctor said. With his friend's help, Lud crept out to the waiting wagon. The doctor loaded him with quinine and water and told him to eat if he felt like it.

BY THE TIME the wagons had reached the dry mountain air of the Rockies, Lud was recovered. He worked at carpentering the wagons the rest of the trip to Hangtown, California. The hardworking, industrious German was successful, for the 1860 census record his worth as $40,000. This was a considerable poke of dust and nuggets for a 33-year-old man to carry back up the Santa Fe Trail toward his new home. He was eager to get back and put in an early spring crop. He joined three other miners, also walking back. One was headed for Colorado, one for the East, and third for Kansas. The quartet were not of, but stayed close to, the wagontrain for safety.

Walking through New Mexico on a dusty hot morning, a minor Indian skirmish left Ludwig with a leg wound that festered and threatened blood poison. His three companions, other than a *c'est la vie* attitude, did not object to leaving him behind. The wagontrain could not wait on a wound to heal—chances of snow in mountains ahead were too great. Another train would be along in a few days or weeks if he were still alive.

Lud was backed up to an outcropping of rock with provisions, water and his sore leg. He prayed and afterward said he knew God would help him. Always before, He had. And He did—in the form of an aged Indian woman, cast out by her tribe to die as she was too old and shaky to be of further use. She hobbled Lud to her hut, woven and laced together in the mesquite; packed in his provisions made a poultice of buffalo dung and spittle. After puncturing the leg here and there with a hot, dry cactus needle she propped the leg high on a buffalo skull and rubbed the muscles.

(Continued on page 56)

TO UNZ ORG
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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Campbell-Hogan-Farris

In the Roanoke, Virginia area, Jerry (Jeremiah?) Campbell's first marriage produced: Stephen, born about 1813; Robert, died in Missouri; George; Jefferson; Jane (Barton), died in Illinois; Betty (Luney) died in Texas; Harriett L. (Roark), born 1828; and Lyana (Hogan, Farris), born 1826, died in Missouri.

Stephen Campbell went to the 1849 gold strike in California. He returned twice to Kentucky and Virginia to see relatives. Word was received by his relatives in Missouri that he was killed in a mine accident. He was retired from mining, was in his eighties and was killed prior to 1895. He had gone to inspect a vein of gold. I would appreciate any information on him.

Lyana Campbell's first marriage to a schoolmaster in 1842, named George or John Hogan, produced: Jerry, a Civil War soldier who died as a POW in the North; Mary (Janes or Jaynes), died in Kentucky; George, a circuit rider preacher in Indiana, was a POW in the North for three years; John; Harriett (Barnes); Almeda (Roark).

Lyana's second marriage to Elijah Farris produced these children: Julia Peggy, born June 6, 1864 and Sammy who died as an infant.

As far as I know all these people were born and reared in the Roanoke area. Lyana may have been the last to leave Virginia to go to Kentucky about 1870. She traveled on to Missouri in 1873. It is possible the Campbells may have started over into Kentucky well before 1840. I would appreciate dates, routes taken West, areas in Kentucky these people went to, where Jerry Campbell died and when, more Virginia information and to hear from any descendants.—Lela F. Foster, 421 St. Vrain Avenue, Las Animas, Colorado 81054

Thompson-Nall-Blodgett-Medcalf-Browning

I need information on these people as we have very little at this time. We know William Barnett Thompson lived in Virginia. He and two brothers ran away from home very young, went to Iowa, then came to Texas with a wagontrain. He married Mary Bell Nall. Their children were Eddie Harrison, John Lewis, Loiver Knox, Albert, Montie Mae, Ida Bell, and there may have been Marc.

We knew Euline Blodgett had a twin sister called Aunt Matt Medcalf and their maiden name was Browning. They came from one of the Carolinas. Aunt Matt and husband Jim had one son and they lived at Seabrook, Texas as late as 1920.

Martin Luther and Euline Blodgett had at least four children: Bill, Jack, Jim and Sarah Atwood (Thompson), my mother. They lived in Bell County, Texas. Jack and Ruth lived in the Childress area of Texas in 1936 and Bill and Emma lived at Houston. I am sure there are many relatives of these people and I would appreciate any information.—Mrs. A. W. Baker, Rt. 1, Box 462-B, Brownwood, Texas 76801

Bledsoe

I am trying to find information about the Bledsoe family that founded Bledsoe, Kentucky. I have reason to believe they were my great-great-grandparents.—Larry J. Bledsoe, 748 Laurel Street, Vallejo, California 94590

Young

I am trying to find out what happened to two sisters, both born near Luray, Clark County, Missouri. Rosa Jane Young, born 1868, may have married a Case or King or both. She was an artist. At twenty-three and unmarried she was living in Gallipolis, Ohio and that is the last known of her for certain.

Minnie Belle Young was born in 1872. I have heard she married a Whitney, which could be either a first or last name. On February 12, 1891 she was in Cincinnati, Ohio where she received her share of of her father's estate. In 1889 she was in Salem, Ohio.

There ware three brothers: John, who died in San Diego, California in 1941; William J. (Bill), Jr., who was killed by a troop train in Caldwell, Idaho in 1943; and Early Claydean, who drowned at Luray, Missouri in 1881.

The parents were Mary Ann Hull Young and William J. (Bill) Young. The father was lynched by a mob at his home three days after being acquitted of the murder of the Spencer family. He was a brother to my grandfather, Nicholas Young. Both were sons of Israel Young, born in Ohio, and Eliza Jane Davis Young, born in Virginia. There were many other children.

I have done a lot of research on this family and will answer all letters.—Floyd Young, Rt. 3, Kahoka, Missouri 63445

Lewis W. Needham

I will be most grateful if anyone can give me any information on these people, all heirs of Lewis W. Needham: John

(Continued on page 64)

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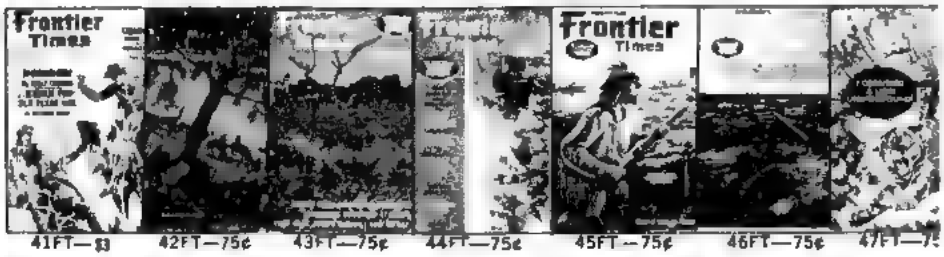

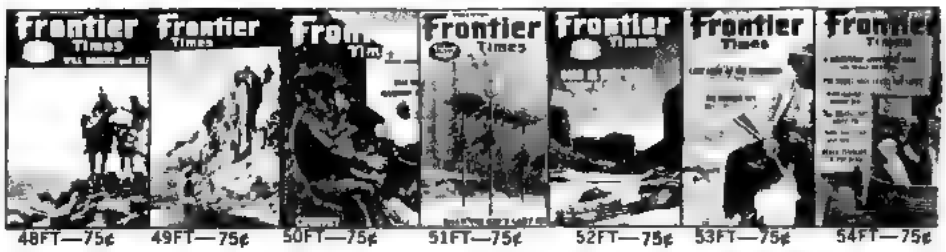

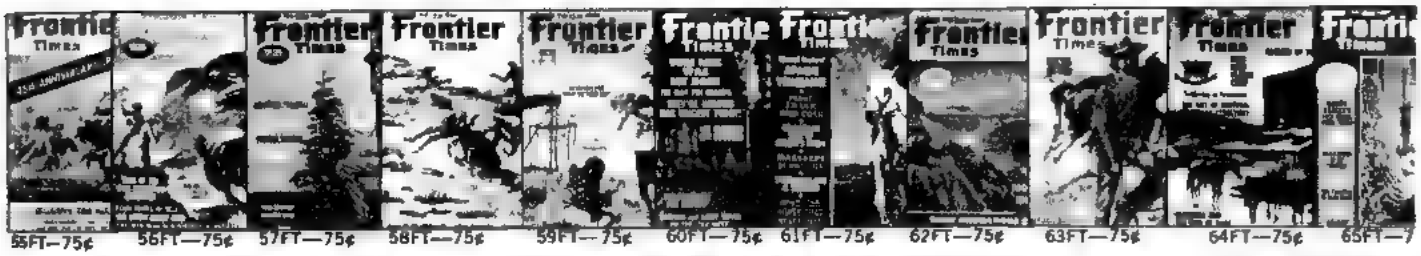

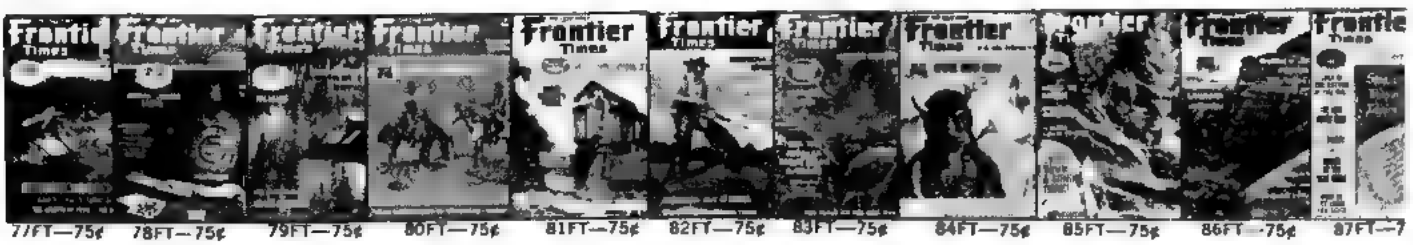

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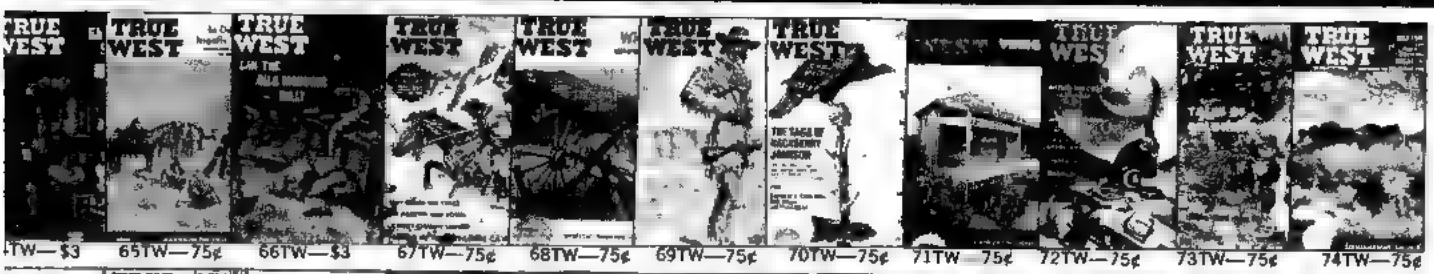

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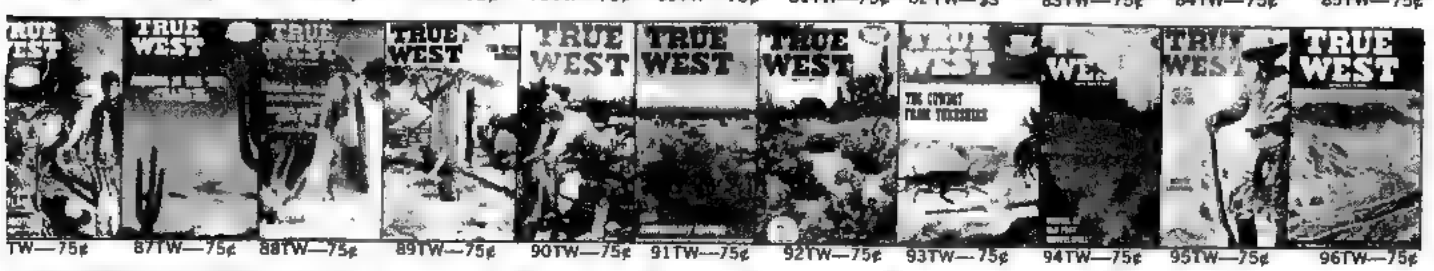

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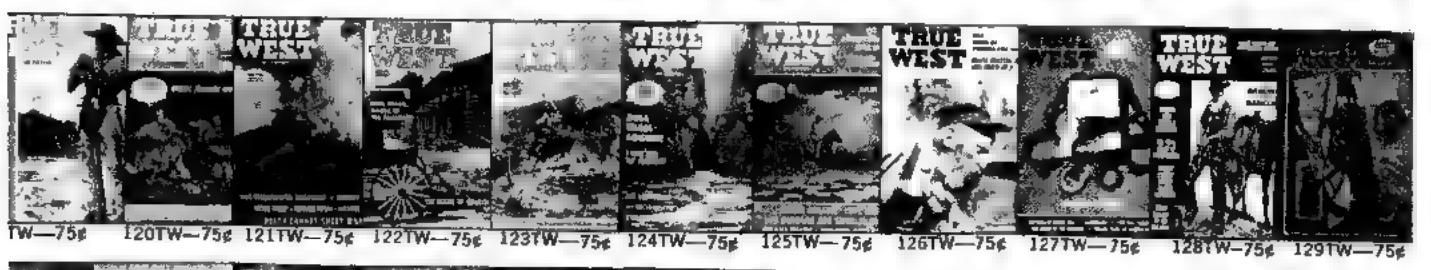

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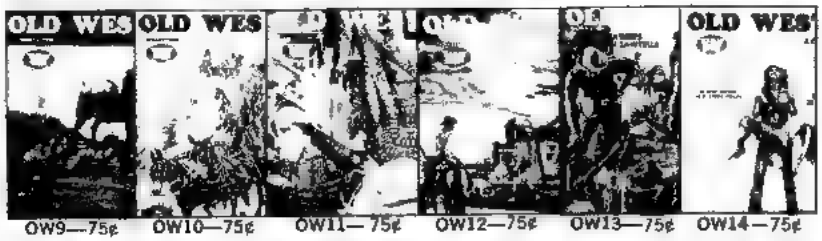

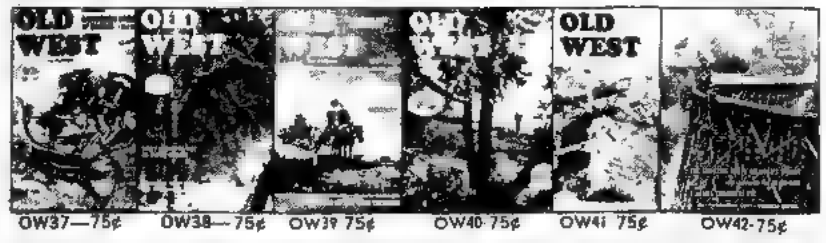

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Legacy Of Ludwig Fischer

(Continued from page 52)

Human companionship and care did their good work. The old woman kept him warm; fed him; stirred strange brew that she gave him to drink. A month later, he gave her all his supplies, a few gold pieces; and limped up the trail with the cactus claw cane she had made for him, staying close to a freighter team.

In Colorado he overtook a stagecoach and begged to ride the long lap back to Fort Leavenworth. The driver refused to take him as he did not have the exact fare, $28. Lud gave the driver a nugget that would assay later in Leavenworth at $200 for security on his ticket. This the driver threw into the boot floor "for safekeeping." Later he would give it back to Lud on receipt of the exact fare.

Lud again visited Dr. Rahm who was home from a less successful mining venture. Then Lud went on to the beautiful valley along the Delaware, turned gold and red with autumn now. Here Lud bought a half section of fertile land. He built a little house and big barns in the middle four-square of his farm. He would add another half-section later, with his home standing like a tiny island in the corn and sorgo acres.

AT FORTY, Ludwig Fischer returned to Germany to provide for his mother's old age and to fetch a wife back to Kansas. He would select a strong, handsome girl who, as a child, had caught the flowers he threw over the fence as he pruned the vineyard behind her father's bakery. It was one of the extra jobs Lud picked to help with the family he had to support. Frieda would remind him in later years that Frederick Barbarossa had been redheaded. He said not to talk to him of warriors. His own father had died of wounds suffered in the Franco-Prussian war. His hatred of compulsory service never waned. With Teutonic stubborness, he would not read newspapers bearing news of war.

Redhaired, soft-voiced Frieda twice de-

Marie Fischer Douglas, granddaughter of Ludwig and Frieda, visits the Liberty Cumberland Church one last time.

fied her German husband. She refused to enter the log house he had built in the Kansas woodland. She said it was not proper. She was no backwoods woman. She required a floor, a ceiling and another room with windows before she would enter as its mistress. She stayed with Lud's friends in Lawrence until this was accomplished.

Her second defiance would determine their lives together. Ludwig deferred to her fear of the Far West. On his gold field expedition, he had studied California, going as far as present Pasadena. He decided to buy land and raise cattle. He studied the method of the Spanish overseer, with many hands to do the assigned work. But Frieda had heard of the wild Indians, scalpings, wolves and thirst, and fearful mountain hardships along the trail. She cried and refused to go.

So Lud agreed to clear the Kansas timberland which he already owned. He sold the lumber and put in pastures. Frieda got her big stone house, laid out to German specifications, on the side of a hill—the land sloping gently in all directions for fine drainage. Fifty years later when grandchildren asked, "How did you have the courage to talk back to Grandpa?" she answered with wonder in her voice, "I don't know."

Lud hired men "bumming their way West." They laid up miles of stone fences, clearing the land and making neat squares for pastures, woodlots, stock pens and garden plots. Handling the tons of jagged rocks in virgin land where snakes abounded was no small feat. Lud's workers wore big bullhide aprons and gloves.

Lud studied farm journals and thought on farm methods. He was an excellent planner. He raised three sturdy boys to help him and the hired men. To one young hired man—this one would later become his son-in-law—Lud said he would hire no man not a declared Republican.

One task he always did himself—taking the precious salt to the licks established in the pasture and feed lots. He thought the hired men did not measure carefully enough and were wasteful. He always accompanied his carloads of fat cattle to the Kansas City stockyards, seeing to their feed and water periods. He came home with top prices.

When grain prices were low, Lud watched the road for farmers bound for the mill. He knew the anxious expression of men selling crops at giveaway prices. He visited with the haulers; gave them a bounteous dinner and offered them whatever sum they would get at the mill, thus saving them a trip to town. He stored the grain in his ever expanding granaries and held it till a higher market prevailed.

A rule of Lud's household was that no tramp was ever turned away. He fed them and offered them a warm blanket and a haybarn to sleep in. The annual visit of the Singer Sewing Machine man was anticipated by the whole family. His sales-mechanic in turn arranged his circuit so that night would fall at Lud's house. His tips to the girls about sewing

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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THE HARDEMAN CLAN

If your name is Hardeman or if it's the name of an ancestor, Nicholas Perkins Hardeman's *Wilderness Calling: The Hardeman Family in the American Westward Movement, 1750-1900* (University of Tennessee Press, Knoxville, $14.95) is a must. This 357-page work, however, is more than just a book of interest to the Hardeman clan. It's an interesting story of one family's route of migration from colonial Virginia to the Cumberland Basin, to Missouri Territory, to New Mexico and Texas, and finally to Oregon and California. Hardeman, a history professor at California State University in Long Beach, traces his ancestors' movements during a 150-year period. It may be the first such study of one family's frontier movement westward. The author is a direct descendant of the family patriarch, Thomas Hardeman. It's an interesting book that adds meaning to the American frontier experience. There are extensive notes, a fine bibliography and a genealogy chart of the Hardeman family.

COW COUNTRY LEGACIES

Cow Country Legacies by Agnes Wright Spring (Lowell Press, 115 East 31st St., P. O. Box 1877, Kansas City, Mo. 64141, $8.95) is a delightful new book about aspects of Western history often overlooked. Mrs. Spring, herself an old-time Westerner and author of countless books and articles, describes how many ranching families and others brought to their rugged daily lives considerable culture and grace. This 123 page book—it's long and narrow, 10½ by 5½ inches in size—is filled with sketches of early-day Westerners in Wyoming, Colorado, Montana, Texas and elsewhere. The book is well illustrated and beautifully produced. Edited by Donald R. Ornduff, it is a must for collectors of cattle trade material, and good reading for everyone interested in Western history. Recommended.

GUIDE TO FRONTIER RELICS

In 1966 *Treasury of Frontier Relics: A Collector's Guide* was first published. The author is Les Beitz. Now a revised second edition of this interesting guide has been published (A. S. Barnes & Co., Box 421, Cranbury, N. J. 08512, $12.00). Collectors of Western memorabilia will want to have a copy of this edition in their libraries because of the up-to-date tables of values for the more than 40 types of relics that are listed. Dutch ovens, branding irons, barbed wire, pokes, firearms, spurs, bootjacks and the like, along with Buffalo Bill statuettes, Arbuckle coffee cans, whiskey canteens and Western art are a few of the relics included.

This large 142-page book is well illustrated and contains an appendix listing displays of Western relics in 17 states including Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Nevada, Utah, Oregon and Arizona. There's a helpful index.

And it should be noted that the author cites Joe Small, publisher of *True West*, *Old West* and *Frontier Times* as one of several Westerners who provided assistance at the beginning of his writing career.

SENOR COYOTE

The coyote has long been an animal of controversy. There are those who say he should be destroyed. Others argue that the coyote is not the bad animal many make him out to be.

Both sides of this often emotion-laden controversy are clearly presented in Francois Leydet's delightful book *The Coyote: Defiant Songdog of the West* (Chronicle Books, 870 Market St., San Francisco, Ca. 94102, $7.95). The 222 page book not only provides readers with the life story of one coyote from birth to adulthood, but it examines historical and contemporary predator control. And Leydet even probes coyote and human psychology. Of his book, Leydet wrote: "The more I learned about the coyote the more I realized how little I myself knew. Thus this book makes no pretense of being a definitive work, but, unless you happen to be a coyote expert, you may learn something about this enigmatic animal. You may learn something about your fellow man."

Illustrations are by Lewis E. Jones. Unfortunately there is no index, but a bibliography is included.

THE APACHES

The People Called Apache (Prentice Hall, $25.00) is the third book on Indians by Thomas E. Mails, author-artist-mi

(Continued on page 64)

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Legacy of Ludwig Fischer

(Continued from page 57)

and his discussion of mechanical things with Lud were cherished.

Lud was a man faulty and virtuous as the usual run of men. But his faith was deep. His respect for religion showed when he gave the half-acre, then contributed sawed lumber and labor, and a money subscription for support of the little church of another faith than his own. At this Cumberland Presbyterian church, his children and grandchildren would grow up. From this church he would be buried in the little Perry Cemetery.

Lud took his turn playing Father Christmas, wearing the great oversized buffalo-hide coat that hid him well, even with turned up sleeves and belted middle. He shook yoke-bells merrily and jingled down the church center aisle. On his turn as Father Christmas, everyone always got a sack of pecans and walnuts and apples, in addition to the tree present.

Lud was a stern parent, to be feared when anger reddened his face and made his blue eyes spark, but few parents have been more revered than Frieda and Lud. When one of the girls was going out the back door to marry the young, educated, Eastern hired man who had drifted through the country (much disapproved of by Lud for a time) her mother, holding open the door said, "You have done your duty to your home and parents," and the daughter would repeat this shibboleth many times in after years.

Lud was self-taught but he respected education and Little Round Mound School was located in his gift half-acre. He did not permit his children to speak except in German. If they spoke English, he would not answer them. But Ludwig Fischer was a pillar of the community, as was Frieda, and a beautiful Kansas valley will long hold the spirit of their presence.

Sanders' Gold

(Continued from page 47)

quartz ridge Sanders saw no need to continue with them so he departed their company. Evidently the expedition's members were pretty discouraged for when they reached Picket Post they disbanded.

Some time later Sanders told Hunkydory Holmes, who had also been with the diner party, about his discovery and showed him the rich specimens that he had brought out. He also claimed that he made the trip from Oak Springs to his discovery and back in one day's easy ride.

All the time Sanders had been finishing up his enlistment he had been utterly miserable, living in fear that someone would discover his gold. He dreamed of nothing else for two years except going back for it. At last he was ready to do just that. He rode out of Fort McDowell with three men whom he had taken into his confidence.

WHEN the four men reached old Camp Reno they met a cavalry patrol out of Fort Apache who warned them that hostile Indians were everywhere in that area and that the four should turn back with them. Two of the men were convinced and rode back with the soldiers. Those two men had not seen the gold, but Sanders had, and he could not turn back. One man rode on with him.

Three weeks later a group of men from Phoenix heard the story of Sanders' gold and picked up his trail. They followed to Walnut Springs at the foot of the Sierra Ancha range. From that point all sign of Sanders and his partner vanished, but it isn't difficult to guess what happened to them.

By the time Sanders and his companion left Walnut Springs, the Apaches knew and observed every move they made. The white men were too busy hurrying to the gold and lost in the dreams of what it would buy to be aware of their danger.

At last they reached their destination. They probably did not even bother to unload their tired burros, but scrambled up the ridge to feast their eyes on the gold before darkness fell.

The following morning they were up and building a cabin on the grassy bar by the creek before the eastern sky turned pink. All through the day they would stop their labors and rush up the ridge to look at the gold. Assured that it was still there they would return to their work. They labored like beavers and in a few days the little cabin was completed. Now they could start to wrest these riches from the ledge where it had lain so long.

In a rocky crevice Sanders found a beautiful, odd-shaped piece of gold. It struck him as a good luck omen and he carried it back to camp. There he sat by

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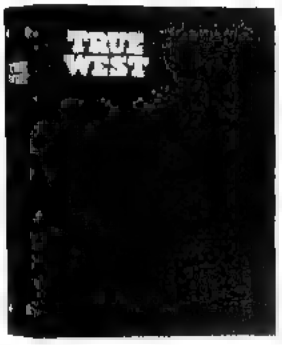

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the supper fire and painstakingly carved his name on the smooth, yellow side with his knife.

That night, or one night soon, a common ruse occurred. Sanders and his partner heard several shots ring out. Both men foolishly rushed from the cabin, and both were wounded by more shots from the dark. Before either of them could gather enough strength to rise and defend themselves, the Apaches rushed forth and finished their work with long sharp knives. Flaming brands were thrown into the new cabin, reducing it to ashes as the Apaches melted into the rocks and canyons carrying their booty and two wet bloody scalps.

FOR MANY years no one came to the quartz ridge on the grassy bar. Then one day two cowboys rode over the rugged terrain of the Sierra Anchas in Gila County gathering cattle from the draws and canyons before the heavy winter snows began. These two moved a small bunch of cattle down along Coon Creek through the brush and boulders. Passing through a narrow, rocky canyon they emerged onto a grassy knoll by the creek. The cattle began grazing in the lush grass, and the two cowpunchers, tired after a hard day of riding, stopped to rest their horses and unlimber a bit.

Dismounting, they dropped their horses' reins and started toward a smooth boulder that looked like a good spot to rest. About halfway to it they began stepping on bones. At first they thought perhaps some cow critter had wandered here and died. This thought vanished when their eyes fell upon a human skull. Searching around in the tall grass the cowboys found another skull and another complete skeleton. In addition, they discovered what was evidently the stone foundation of a small cabin, and a few blackened timbers.

The cowboys made every effort to determine the identity of the two men who had died there, but the bones could not tell them anything and nothing else was left. They could, however, give the remains a decent burial.

As Fate would have it, they decided to dig the grave inside the rocks that made up the cabin's foundation. While digging, one of the men unearthed a heavy, peculiarly shaped rock. Knocking the thick film of ashes and dirt from it, he was astonished to find that he held a piece of solid gold.

When the cowboys finished putting the remains in their final resting place they went down to the creek and carefully washed the piece of gold. It was approximately ¾ inch wide by 1¾ inches long. Great was the astonishment of both when they washed off the smooth back side and found the letters spelling SANDERS crudely engraved with a sharp instrument.

The two cowboys wondered about the two skeletons, the burned cabin, and the piece of gold, but they still had work to do and since they had spent a considerable amount of time already, they caught up their horses and rode away.

Probably the vein of gold still runs through the quartz, and the nuggets and rich ore still surround it in profusion there on the ridge in Gila County, just as when Sanders first saw it nearly 100 years ago.

People of Old Wyoming

(Continued from page 9)

at home. My father was a carpenter, a Canadian. He moved to Vermont and from there I went to Kansas near Dodge City. I came up to Wyoming directly from the 'strip' country of Oklahoma in 1879, with trail herds."

"Don't you think it strange that a woman was the guide for Lewis and Clark?"

"It would not have been unusual that a woman led the Expedition," Manseau answered, "as it was the custom among the Indians that the squaws take the lead when moving from place to place. The buck actually set the destination but the squaws with the loaded travois would take the lead. They knew the directions as well as the bucks, always traveled in single file. Often the squaws rode the horses which drew the travois, a two-pole contrivance that carried all their possessions, camping equipment and smaller children."

"Did you know Bazil very well?" asked.

"Yes. He and his squaws used to camp up around Meeteetse where we ran cattle. Always one squaw took the lead with a pony, then a travois. The bucks brought up the rear with the horses. Squaw knew a lot about the country. The Injun didn't talk to me about Sacajawea when she was living. I was not at the Reservation all the time and I thought when she died that she was buried out in the hills like the others. I know Bazil was buried in the rocks. When all the fuss was being made about putting up a monument for Sacajawea, Bazil's people came to me to ask about her burial. They were too young to remember back. All I could tell them was that Rev. Roberts said he had buried her in the Wind River cemetery. He ought to know." Then Manseau continued. "Fin Burnett, who came here a lot before I did, said that the old woman told him about her experience at the ocean. Too, Mrs. Leonard Short who owned a motel at Fort Washakie knew her and talked with her many times. The old Shoshone woman told Mrs. Short about the big fish that was as big as from the store to the hotel at the fort and as high as a house. That would have been a whale on the beach."

But Andrew Manseau was more anxious to tell me about himself than he was to talk about an old Indian woman who died in 1884, so I listened.

"I was livestock inspector at the time," he said. "Used to hang out at saloons and could pick up information there. I knew Harry Hynds in Cheyenne. He owns the Plains Hotel now. I homesteaded the Circle Ranch on the North Fork of the Wind River, and ran cattle from there to the Reservation. Used to raise a lot of blue stem or blue joint hay.

"Butch Cassidy and Al Heiner spent one winter at a place above me. They had some race horses and bought blue joint hay from me. I charged them by

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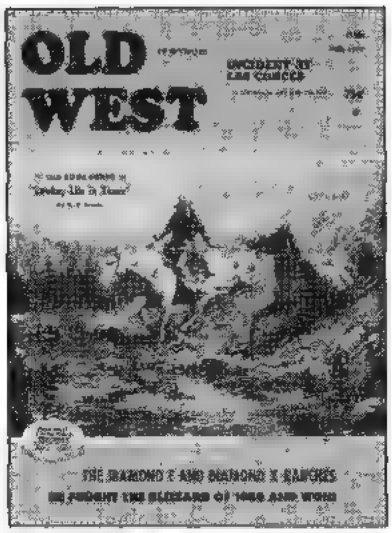

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prices," he chuckled. "I slept with Butch Cassidy many a time, especially when he was 'wintering' at Dubois. He would tell me many things, but I just thought he was 'blowing.' I found out later that he was telling the truth. Cassidy used to visit Meek's ranch down the river.

"Once I headed with a pack horse for Jackson Hole. On the way, when crossing the Wind River Range to Gros Ventre, I met up with a fellow named Strickland, a relative of a judge of Federal Court. He was just seeing the country. He persuaded me to tour Yellowstone Park with him. Over in Jackson Hole two men stopped and had supper with us one night. One was Matt Warner, a friend of Butch Cassidy, who was in the Montpelier, Idaho bank robbery.

"I sold my ranch on North Fork and moved twelve miles down the river. Horses and cattle were sometimes stolen from me. I always carried a gun in those days for my own protection against the lawless element. Good saddle horses were worth money. Outlaws found a good wad of money in stealing horses and selling them in Utah or Colorado. Mormons took pride in their horses and would be glad to pay well for them.

"Butch made frequent trips to Lander. Soon after the Montpelier robbery, Cassidy appeared in the Upper Wind River country with plenty of money. He spent considerable time at Meek's ranch then. His real name was George LeRoy Parker."

"I know that Butch operated some around Thermopolis," I ventured.

"About 1894 Butch and Heiner were leaders of a gang stealing horses from the Padlock outfit on Owl Creek. We called them the 'lily-fingered professionals.' Bob Caverly followed their trail for sixty miles and captured them."

ANDREW MANSEAU was mighty interested when I said I knew Bob Caverly's son, Jimmy. I said, "He told me about his father, Bob, arresting Butch. Jimmy said that his father went on the Union Pacific as far as he could, then started on foot for the ranch where Cassidy was supposed to be. On the way he met Katie Blood, a lookout, who was at the time living with Cassidy. She was from Salt Lake. Caverly took her horse and started for the ranch, which was in the Star Valley south of Afton. Katie evidently hurried to get word to Butch. Caverly approached the ranch by going around the barn. He ordered Cassidy to come out of the house. Cassidy came out shooting. Caverly shot. The first shot's bullet was deflected by Butch's belt buckle. With a second shot, Caverly creased Cassidy on the top of the head and left a scalp wound. Jimmy said that Caverly took Butch prisoner and he later served in the penitentiary at Laramie."

Manseau interrupted me. "Caverly broke Butch's jaw. Butch was a fighter." He knew the whole story as well as I did, or better.

"I'm sure everyone knows how Governor Richards released Butch from prison on the promise that he would never bother Wyoming again," I said, and Manseau nodded.

"Do you think Butch Cassidy was killed in South America?" I asked.

"I know he *wasn't*," Manseau did not hesitate. "He came back to Rock Springs, I know. He came back up here. Bill Boyd took Butch into the mountains on a camping trip. He said that Butch didn't do any prospecting. It looked to Bill as if he was searching for a cache of loot he might have hidden away some years ago. He was a lot older when he came back, of course."

I had heard the same story from a man in Lander and I believed Manseau.

"It had been said that he went to Washington State and became a successful business man in his later years," I suggested.

"I've heard several stories, too, but I know that Cassidy lived to be an old man."

Just then a boy about ten years old, with brilliant red hair, and a small dog, came around a big rock near the Manseau cabin. He was carrying a bow and arrow.

"That's Teton Jackson's grandson," Manseau told me.

"Not really!" I was plainly surprised. Butch Cassidy and now Teton Jackson's progeny!

"Teton spent his later years in Lander. I knew Teton and his family well. Teton's father was Algonquin or of the Huron tribe. I think his family lived in Massachusetts. He was brought out West by the American Fur Company as a trapper. After he settled down he raised three fine sons and a daughter."

"I've read a lot about Teton, and I've had letters from a daughter-in-law," I told him.

Manseau seemed eager to talk. "Teton used to steal horses in Dakota, Montana or Wyoming and drive them west through Jackson Hole into Idaho or Utah. Then he'd drive east horses he'd stolen in Idaho. His headquarters for a time were in Teton Basin at the head of Snake River. Harry Thompson, a crack shot was Teton's pardner in Jackson Hole.

"During the Sioux campaign Teton ran a pack train for General Crook and in 1878 he cached about 100 horses on an island in Tongue River. He was all over the place.

"He and Ed Trafton built a log smoke house in Jackson Hole and killed elk and smoked the meat. They sold a lot of it in Utah and Idaho. He got into bad trouble when Robert Cooper, who had built a cabin with Thompson, and Teton told a settler that they had some stolen horses. Cooper's body was found frozen stiff in their camp. I don't know who killed him, but Teton and Thompson gave themselves up to officers at Rexburg, Idaho. They were acquitted on self defense."

"I thought Teton served in the Idaho penitentiary. Didn't he?" I questioned.

"That was later," Manseau explained. "He was sentenced to fourteen years for horse stealing. Teton was pardoned in 1892 and later moved his family to Lander."

"I recall," I told Manseau, "what Teton said when Sheriff Frank Canton captured him in a cabin in the Hole. Canton ordered one of his deputies to stick his Winchester through the logs a

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inch or so and to get a bead on Teton, then he said he would come through the cabin door and arrest him. They had looked through a window and had seen that Teton was sitting on a stool in front of a fire while his colt and cartridge belt were on a table about five feet away.

"According to Canton, Teton warmed his hands, then got up and walked slowly toward the table, paused, changed his mind and went back to the stool to warm his hands. When Canton threw open the door and covered Teton with two guns, he declared Teton under arrest for robbing the mails. Teton rose slowly with his hands above his head and said, 'I ain't afraid of you or your guns. I'd fight that out, but what's been abotherin' me is the end of that rifle that's been trained on my head for the last five minutes.'

"That was Teton all over," Manseau agreed. "I once almost got into a bad gunfight myself," he reminisced. "One fall I went to the Big Horn Mountains for a small bunch of cattle which I had traded for. There came up a sudden snowstorm and I headed for a line rider's cabin that I knew was there.

"A Swede, known as 'Big Ole' was at the cabin, also a number of Arapahoe Indian bucks. The line cabin had been well stocked with provisions against the coming winter. The Indians forced Ole to cook for them practically all the time. They were a mean lot and continually sought to pick a fight with him. They wanted to get his gun away from him, always asking to see it. But he would not let them get their hands on it. As soon as the weather cleared a bit, I got out of there."

I could have visited on and on, but I did not want to tire the old gentleman too much, so thanked him and said goodbye to Andrew Manseau, who had known Wyoming's pioneers for sixty years and more.

After Reg and I returned to Cheyenne I kept thinking of that Oregon Trail Diary in Lander. In about a month I wrote to Jack Perrin asking if I could borrow it. I said I would type copies of it—one for him and one for the owner. He sent it to me and I made the copies. I ventured to offer $5 to buy the Diary. Three weeks went by with no reply. I decided there was no deal.

Then one day a letter came from Mr. Perrin saying: "I've been workin' on that old fellow to get the book for you, but he's holdin' out for $7.50."

A check went forth by return mail, plus $1.00 for cigars. At long last the Diary was mine.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 53)

Needham; Susan Miller, wife of Jacob Miller; Martha Mooring, wife of Wyatt Mooring, all of Tennessee; Rebecca Russel, wife of Anslem Russell, of Kentucky; and Jesse Needham of Arkansas.

These relatives were all from Texas: Sina Simpson, wife of John P. Simpson; Nancy Inglish, wife of Bailey Inglish, and Anny White, wife of Benjamin White. I'm also seeking information on the daughters of Lewis and Russell (or Roselle) Needham.—Mrs. Frank (Elma J.) Hooker, P. O. Box 252, San Simon, Arizona 85632

Stritch-Mooney-Miller-Briggman-Ball

I am interested in finding out if there was a General Stritch or Stretch and a Mary Catherine Mooney from somewhere in Connecticut in the 1840s.

Jewell Miller, a half-sister I have never met, was born about 1925 in Colorado to Garfield and Lavina Johnson Miller.

My grandmother was Harriett Briggman who married William W. Ball from North Carolina. I'd appreciate more information on these people and on the Wobbly coal strike in Colorado.—D. H. Myers, Rt. 4, Box 338A, Roseburg, Oregon 97470

Taylor

John M. and Jim Taylor moved to Bandera County, Texas in 1880 from Georgia. They moved to Camp Verde, Kerr County, Texas in 1881. Jim never married. John M. married Nora Ethel Bandy. Their children were Lee, Ernest and a daughter who married Dan Pearson of Kerrville. From where in Georgia did they come, and were Lee and Ernest twins? This and any other information will be appreciated.—Fannie McClanahan, El Patio Motel, Spur, Texas 79370

Stowe

I would very much like to locate Patricia Annette Stowe, born October 8, 1948 and Richard Anthony Stowe, born June 30, 1946. Both were born in Norfolk, Virginia.—Frances Stowe Mott, 2129 Main Street, #1, Santa Clara, California 95050

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 58)

ister. Like the others it is a handsome well-illustrated volume including over 200 drawings and sixteen color plates by the author. Some 300 previously unpublished photographs supplement the author's art—depicting in considerable detail all phases of Apache life. The author treats each of the four primary Apache peoples—Western, Chiricahua, Mescalero and Ticarilla—living in Arizona and New Mexico separately—pointing out the differences and the similarities in their ways of life. Two other Apache peoples, the Lipans and the Kiowas, and the related Navajos are mentioned, but "for space and other reasons" are not treated in detail. The history, religion, social structure, warfare, housing, dress, food, arts, crafts, games, and agriculture of each of the four Apache peoples is considered in much detail and is based on personal contacts with them, plus the use of data from the research of a number of others. It is a big book—in size, in quality of text and illustration, and in the information it provides. Strongly recommended.

RANGE LIFE

Those who enjoy jolly tales about cow folk will find good entertainment in *Shoot Me a Biscuit* (University of Arizona Press, $3.95 paper and $8.50 cloth) by a former cowpuncher, Dan Moore The old-time cowboy had a rough row to hoe and there was little glamour in sleeping in the hard ground, rising before daylight, uncorking a bucking saddle horse on frosty mornings, night herding, surviving occasional soaking rains and freezing in blizzards. A warm campfire and good grub cooked by an experienced clean biscuit shooter were the nearest things to a "happy hour" that the cowboy knew on the range. Dan Moore, a cowboy who saw roundups in the Southwest, Texas, the Northern Great Plains, and in Montana and Wyoming, describes good, mediocre and poor camp cooks he had enjoyed or suffered One of the best was a Pinedale, Wyoming baker who moonlighted as a round up cook and bulldogger. Some were dirty others clean, and many were cranky as a heifer with her first calf. A rare one in Arizona had served as a cook on a diner in a Pullman. He served gourmet style and lasted only a few days when the range boss asked him to cook liver tripe, sweetbreads, and brains from a fresh-killed beef. Preparing the insides of a cow turned him off. This is a funny book and easy to read. The author spelled grama grass with two "ms" and Charco a waterhole, came out "charcols." Recommended.

University of Nebraska Press has reprinted *Boss Cowman, Recollections of Ed Lemmon 1857-1946*. It is a worthy book about one of the greatest range cowmen of all time by Nellie Snyder Yost. The paperback reprint sells for $3.50. We knew this famous cowboy in his declining years when we visited him in his home at Lemmon, South Dakota a town named for him. Born a hunch back, Ed Lemmon overcame his handicap and according to the National Livestock Association held the world's record for saddle handling the most cattle (over a million head) in his lifetime. His range was western South Dakota, and parts of Wyoming, Montana and North Dakota. He held no records as a gun fighter in an era when badmen were common; neither was he a rodeo performer. However, Lemmon broke many horses to ride and held honors for having roped more range cattle than any other man. These credentials earned him place in the Cowboy Hall of Fame. He became an earnest scribbler in later life and much of the book was developed from his own writings. A tighter editing job would have shortened the volume and given it greater coherence.

OMISSION

In the August 1977 TRUE WEST, the caption information for the photo on page 30 was omitted. It should have read: San Francisco City Hall on Portsmouth Square in 1856.

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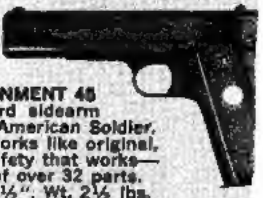

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